

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 3.
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NEW YORK AND LONDON, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$4 per year in Advance.



PROOFS OF HIS NOBLE BLOOD.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE (FORTUNE BUILT ON SOAP)—So, PRINCE, you want my daughter's hand in marriage?

FOREIGN PRINCE—Yaw, dot is so.

MILLIONAIRE—HAVE YOU GOT A SCROFULOUS TAIN, HAVE YOU BEEN LEADING AN UTTERLY DISREPUTABLE LIFE, AND DO YOU REALLY OWE TWO MILLIONS?

PRINCE—I HAF ALL DOSE TO PROOF MY NOBLE BIRTH.

MILLIONAIRE—TAKE HER, THEN, AND RECEIVE MY BLESSING. HEAVEN BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter

ALEX. E. SWEET,
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.
TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4.00
Foreign countries, 75c. extra
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.
Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

At swords points—steel.

A BUSINESS block—on lower Broadway almost any day.

It is among egotists that the "Evil I" is mostly found.

POLANDERS in this country seem to be chiefly celebrated for church riots.

WENDELL PHILLIPS lectured on the Lost Arts, but it's the last tart that a boy mourns over.

"You needn't try to play it on me," as the fire way up in the steeple said to the hose man.

WHILE the English drum-beat is heard around the world, the American dead-beat isn't far behind.

"Job printing" didn't do much in the book line; at least, there is only one Book of Job that we ever heard of.

PREJUDICE against red hair was almost universal once, but it has subsided except when it is found in the oleomargarine.

A NEW JERSEY man has invented a clock that will tell the hour in any part of the world. He ought to call it "This World of (h)ours."

EMILE ZOLA saw an execution by guillotine when he was a boy, and it sickened him. But that is no excuse for his sickening the public by his writings.

It is our proud boast that the United States has no standing army; but look at our bars. There is an army of men standing at them every day taking their drinks.

THE New York Press heads an editorial, "Let Apathy be dismissed." Who's Apathy? Some Democratic postmaster whom Harrison has overlooked, we suppose.

A FRENCH journal has just discovered the name of the Frenchman who shot Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, but as the brave admiral would hardly be alive now had he not been shot, no investigation is likely to take place.

A YOUNG man writes to us inquiring how he may learn to play the trombone without a master. We think no young man who wants to learn to play the trombone should ever be without a master, and a stern, unyielding master he should be, too.

ASTRONOMERS say that this world of ours, which seems so large, is in fact so small in comparison with the sun and stars, that its presence or absence is, to the universe, a matter of inconsiderably small importance; and yet there are men walking about on its surface who appear to imagine that the sun would stand still should they be taken away.

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

According to the testimony in the Cronin trial at Chicago, the doctor's life was long threatened. Mys-



ON'T WORRY ABOUT HER.

When the summer flowers have faded,
And the leaves are turning yellow,
Sorrow not, if she you love best,
Goes off with some other fellow.

Grieve not o'er your ice-cream wasted,
Or your squandered soda-water;

Mourn not that she ate so quickly
All the caramels you bought her.

Her estrangement is for winter:
'Tis not meant to last forever;
When next ice-cream season opens,
She will love you, same as ever

terious individuals made frequent proposals to men in the slugging business to "slug" Cronin. An amiable thug who carries on a general robbery business when he isn't making counterfeit money, told how he was approached on the subject, and how he repelled the proposition with horror; on account of the insufficiency of the sum offered, probably. In the course of his testimony he was asked if he didn't follow Blaine through Michigan when he was making campaign speeches last fall, for the purpose of picking pockets, and he indignantly denied the charge. He admitted that he followed Blaine, but it was to hang on his eloquent words, and incidentally to "play de shells," which is Chicago for the three-card monte-game. The value of any testimony given by a character like the above needs to be scaled down considerably, when men are on trial for their lives.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FAIR.

Not to be behind our contemporaries in raising money for the World's Fair, TEXAS SIFTINGS announces that it will receive subscriptions. It must be understood, however, that the money is to go towards the World's Fair of 1992, the fifth centennial of Columbus' discovery of America. The tardy manner in which subscriptions for the proposed New York fair are rolling in, must convince any thoughtful person that we cannot possibly get ready for 1892, so let us make an united and vigorous effort to secure a World's Fair one hundred years later. There is time enough for that if we act promptly, but there should be no dilly-dallying, or that opportunity will escape us, too. Subscriptions will be received at this office, 47 John street, New York, in any sums from one cent up. Remember that this is a loan, simply. If the Fair is a success a hundred years hence, as it unquestionably will be, you will get your money back. And consider how it will boom New York, giving an immense impetus to the wholesale dry goods and retail liquor trade, and advancing the price of real estate in Harlem. Subscribe now. Don't wait, saying there is plenty of time. If you haven't three cents send a postage stamp. Do you want to see the Columbian Fair of 1992 go to Chicago?



A BLIGHTED ROMANCE.

SALESMAN—Can it be possible! Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long—

MISS COUPON—Three yards, please.

No millionaire need be ashamed to subscribe five cents. Swell the fund! Now is the time to subscribe for the great New York World's Fair of 1992!

AN INTERESTING EXCHANGE.

Among our favorite exchanges is the Dry Goods Chronicle of New York, and we never open it without finding something novel and interesting. The number for the current week contains editorials upon a variety of taking subjects. There is one on Composition Cloth, useful to a school boy in writing his first composition, particularly if he wants to make it out of whole cloth. Down on the Eider Duck, is the title of another leading article, though the writer doesn't state why he is down on that inoffensive bird, eider. Some bald-headed man writes of The Mo'hair Craze. Mozambique is described as an English stuff made for ladies' dresses. An English tough maid strikes us as a Mozambique-uous expression. Almost an entire column is devoted to a description of Window Dressing. Good dressing improves a window, particularly for persons in poor appetite—makes it go down better. We can understand now why a man sometimes gets up in the night and "throws up a window." He had a window for supper, the dressing wasn't good and it made him sick. In the story department is A Story of the Spindle and the Loom, written by their spindle-shanked contributor. There is an illustration of Hindoo Looms, and a Hindoo looms up in the background. But what can the poor Hin-doo?

TO HONOR COLUMBUS.

Attempts are made from time to time to detract from the glory due Columbus for discovering America. It is claimed that the country was discovered four or five times before Chris. undertook the job, though the parties interested didn't reap any particular benefit from it. For instance, Buddhist monks from China visited the western coast in 432 A. D. There being no law to keep them out, accounts, probably, for their not staying long. A Chinese exclusion law might have produced a different result. In 720 monks from Ireland settled in Iceland, but the cold there wasn't favorable to monkey business and they left. In 995 Bjarni, from Norway, sailed along Nova Scotia and Labrador, looking for a site for the World's Fair, perhaps, New York offering no sufficient guarantee fund to make it an object to search there. Leif, the Iclander, made a settlement in Rhode Island in the year 1000, A. D. Taking a little stroll one evening after supper, he thoughtlessly crossed the State line (he didn't know how small Rhode Island was), got lost and nothing has been heard of him since. Then in 1170 a Welchman named Madoc came over, believing there was money in the discovery business, but he went back lamenting. None of these people left any lasting impression upon America, and none seemed to mean business until Christopher Columbus himself took up the enterprise. He made things hum, and people have been coming over and making "hums" in America ever since. Let us see that Columbus is not robbed of his laurels, and let us give him the biggest send-off at the Columbian Fair of 1892 that a discoverer ever had. Now is the time to subscribe to the New York guarantee fund.

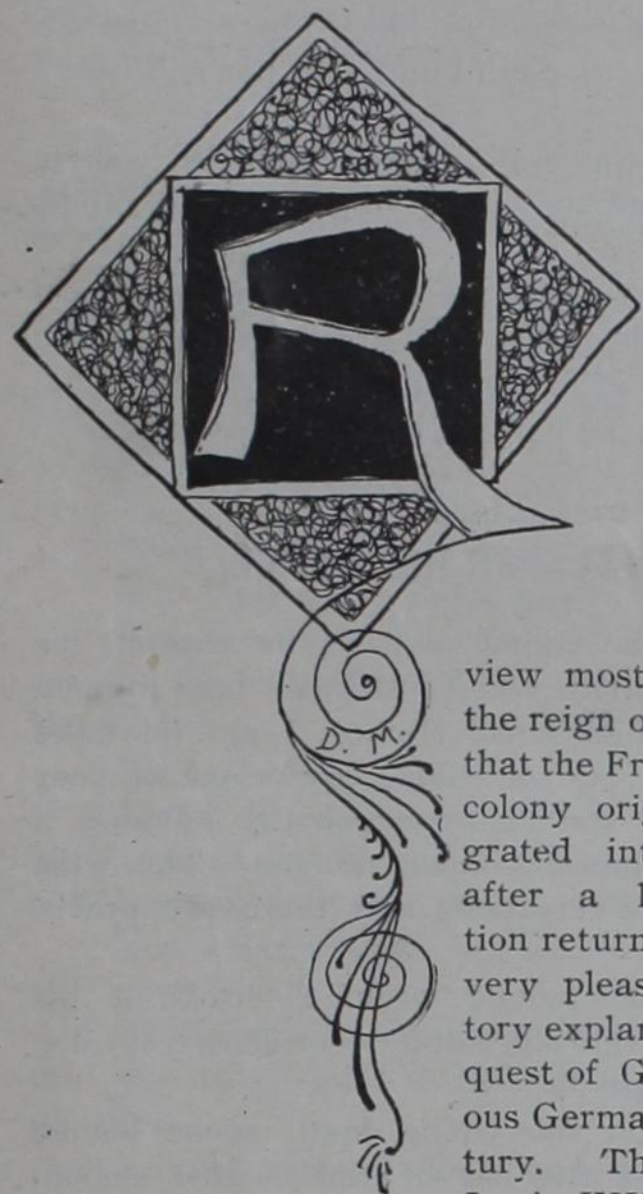
SENSIBLE MAN.

An Austrian archduke has announced his intention of resigning all his titles and appointments and living as an ordinary citizen. He has probably got tired of being called by loud-sounding names, and seeing his titles written in full on circulars sent to his house by enterprising tradesmen. He wants to be able to go to an evening party without his breast being covered all over with orders, ribbons and crosses. In short, he craves the privilege of living and dying plain John Smith, if that is his name.

If possible some remedy against our naval vessels coming to grief should be adopted. It seems to be almost as difficult to keep an American man-of-war off the rocks as it is to keep an insurance agent out of a house. The only effective remedy in the latter case is to set fire to the house and camp out. Perhaps sinking our war ships would stay this epidemic of running ashore.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART IV.



REGARDING the origin of the Franks, historians differ widely. Some of the earliest make them descend from the ancient Trojans, and the descent must have been very great, taking Boulanger as specimen. The

view most in vogue during the reign of Louis XIV. was, that the Franks were a Gaulic colony originally, that emigrated into Germany, and after a lengthy expatriation returned to their own, a very pleasing and satisfactory explanation of the conquest of Gaul by the barbarous Germans in the fifth century. The theory tickled Louis XIV. very much, and

he used to poke the court historian who invented it in the ribs, and say: "They weren't Dutchmen, after all! Some of our own folks—ho-ho—that came back and licked us—ha-ha!"

The last desperate effort of Rome to hold Gaul as a colony was made in about the middle of the fifth century, and when it seemed likely to succeed a new element came in to defeat it. This was Attila and his ferocious Huns, a savage tribe from Asia. And it was the Huns, by the way, that gave the name to Hungary, which they claimed to have settled, although there were few tribes that could leave a country so thoroughly unsettled as the Huns.

Attila is said to have brought an army of 500,000 men into Gaul. It is well that Tanner was ignorant of this, or he would have endeavored to pension or re-rate the survivors. It was in 451 that the Huns crossed the Rhine, overrunning the border provinces and committing devastations and cruelties on every hand, especially field hands. Terror surrounds the name of Attila to this day, and if you but mention the word Hun to a border peasant he immediately Huns his hole.

Metz was taken by storm and reduced to ashes, though if Marshal Bazaine had been in command he would probably have surrendered it without striking a blow, as he did in the Franco-German war of 1870. Troyes and Orleans are said to have been saved by the interposition of saints. Terrified Lutetia, or Paris, was about to leave its mud island in the Seine and fly, but the calmness and pious courage of Geneviève, the shepherdess, prevented it. She had assurance from the skies, she said, that the invaders would not be permitted to come within sight of their walls, and it is a fact that Attila turned aside and went in another direction. But whether there was a heavenly interposition, or Attila was deterred by reports of the exorbitant rates charged by Paris hotel keepers, it is impossible to say at this late day. For her services on this occasion Geneviève was made tutelary sainte of Paris, holding that office steadily through all the changing administrations.

The Panthéon occupies the site of her tomb, on the highest point of ground on the left bank of the Sene. It was built for a church originally, and named in her honor *Eglise Ste. Geneviève*. Being completed about the time of the breaking out of the Revolution it was converted into a memorial temple by the convention, and re-christened Panthéon, being dedicated, as the inscription on the front of the portico reads: "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*." (To the great men whom France delights to honor.) The remains of Mirabeau, Marat, Voltaire and Rousseau were interred there, to be afterwards dragged out under Bourbon rule and buried, Heaven knows where. The original name of the church was restored by Louis Napoleon, but by national decree the Panthéon was again established in 1885, when a fitting tomb was desired for the remains of Victor Hugo. Among the traditional and historical scenes painted on the interior walls of this church or temple (it would soon be made a

church again should the royalists regain power) are scenes from the childhood of Ste. Geneviève.

A strange story, that of the peasant maiden and her church. I saw the sacred cross lowered from its lofty pedestal when the church of Ste. Geneviève was last secularized, to become a tomb for a man who recognized no church authority, and it seemed like desecration. Devout Catholics witnessed the profane act amid sighs and tears. I also saw the great funeral pageant of Victor Hugo, as it wended its slow length along from the Arch of Triumph, where the body lay in state for two days, to the Panthéon where it was interred—one of the men whom France delights to honor—but I thought that France would have honored herself more had she not dishonored peasant Geneviève's church.

I find that I have wandered quite a distance away from the early Franks, but I will again take up the thread of their history in my next paper.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

NOT HEREDITARY.

C.—What beautiful hair that gal has!

D.—Yes; she gets it from her mother, who keeps a hair store.

ART NOTE.

Candid Friend—How are you coming on?



HE COULDN'T THROW HER OFF THE SCENT.

MR. GUZZLETON (II P. M.)—I wish you'd give me my dry clothes, Maria, I'm soaked through.

MRS. G. (with deep meaning)—Ah, yes; your breath shows you're not as dry as when you started.

Artist—First-rate. I've got an order from the Cashier of the Wildcat Bank to paint his portrait.

Candid Friend—So he is going to get you to paint his picture? He's a sly cuss. When he skips the detectives will have photographs made of the portrait and then he will get away. He will never be identified.

GERMAN DISCIPLINE.

Drill Sergeant—When you galoots march up against the wall and I call halt! you must stand still; not because the wall is there, but because I call halt! Remember that, you donkeys with two legs.

TOO MUCH WHINE.

Wife—You came home tight again last night. Your wine will be the death of me yet.

Husband—Yes, and your whine will be the cause of my committing suicide.

ON THE MAKE.

Hungry Guest—Do you think I can satisfy my appetite with such a dinner as this?

Waiter—Of course not. What extra dishes shall I bring you?

AN UNSATISFACTORY LEGACY.

Rich Aunt—My dear nephew, I have left you in my will what I love most.

Nephew—My dear aunt, my heart does not cling onto earthly goods.

Aunt—I know it, so I have left you my faithful poodle.

A CONSIDERATE YOUTH.

Indignant Father of the Young Lady—What! You, who have never made your own living, apply for the hand of my daughter!

Would-be Son-in-law—Well, you see my own father is getting tired of supporting me, so I thought I'd look around and give some other family a chance.

MUSICAL NOTE.

Wife—I have hired a music teacher for our daughter Fanny.

Husband—Great Scott! is it absolutely necessary that we should always have a row on hand with the neighbors?

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

A.—Have you ever had any experience in love affairs?

B.—Well, I should say I had. In love I am the unluckiest of mortals. All the girls that I loved and even some that I hadn't begun to love yet were gobbled up by other fellows and married.

A DOUBLE INSULT.

Guest (at hotel)—This boy seems to be awful stupid for his age.

Proprietor—That runs in the family. I am his father.

Guest—Impossible! I don't believe it.

A BRAINY TRAMP.

Gentleman (to intruder)—Why do you begin to beg up here on the fifth story? Why don't you begin at the bottom and beg up?

Beggar—You see, boss, if I begin on the top floor, and am kicked down a flight of stairs, I can keep right on begging; but if I begin on the first floor and have bad luck I am kicked right out into the street. See?

THEY SHELLED.

Rev. Whooptext—Ort to have been to meetin' yesterday, Brother Hooks. Took up the biggest collection ever taken in Oklahoma.

Deacon Hooks—How'd it happen? Six bits an' a poker chip or two is the usual limit.

Rev. Whooptext—Wal, you see, before Texas Jim, the new deacon, took up the collection for the first time since he jined us, I sort o' mentioned Brother Jim's reformation an' how sorry he was 'count uv havin' had to kill them two gamblers down at Comet City an' standin' off the sheriff an' his whole posse afterwards, and how he was now as mild as a suckin' dove unless riled. I casually added that he 'lowed that if there ever was anybody who needed killin' on sight it was them that wouldn't shell out liberally fer the good uv the cause. An' then they chucked in the silver till they busted the bottom plumb out uv the hat that Brother Texas passed around.

A CARPET WEAVER'S ROMANCE.

AN AFFAIR WHICH DID NOT TURN OUT AS THE NEIGHBORS EXPECTED.



HE was a carpet weaver who lived in a flourishing Indiana town. For years she had been a widow, yet she was not yet what is called "middle-aged," and was good looking and intelligent. Patiently and cheerfully she sat at her loom day after day until at last she was able to buy a snug little cottage, with vines

clambering about the latticed porch and a pretty green yard in front.

She moved in and fitted up the house tastefully, inside and out. Carpet of her own weaving covered the floors, and every aid to comfort and beauty which her modest purse could buy was added. It was a sweet and home-like place, the neighbors said, and one and all liked to look at it as they passed and nod to the pleasant-faced widow as she sat on her porch on a summer evening after the day's weaving was done.

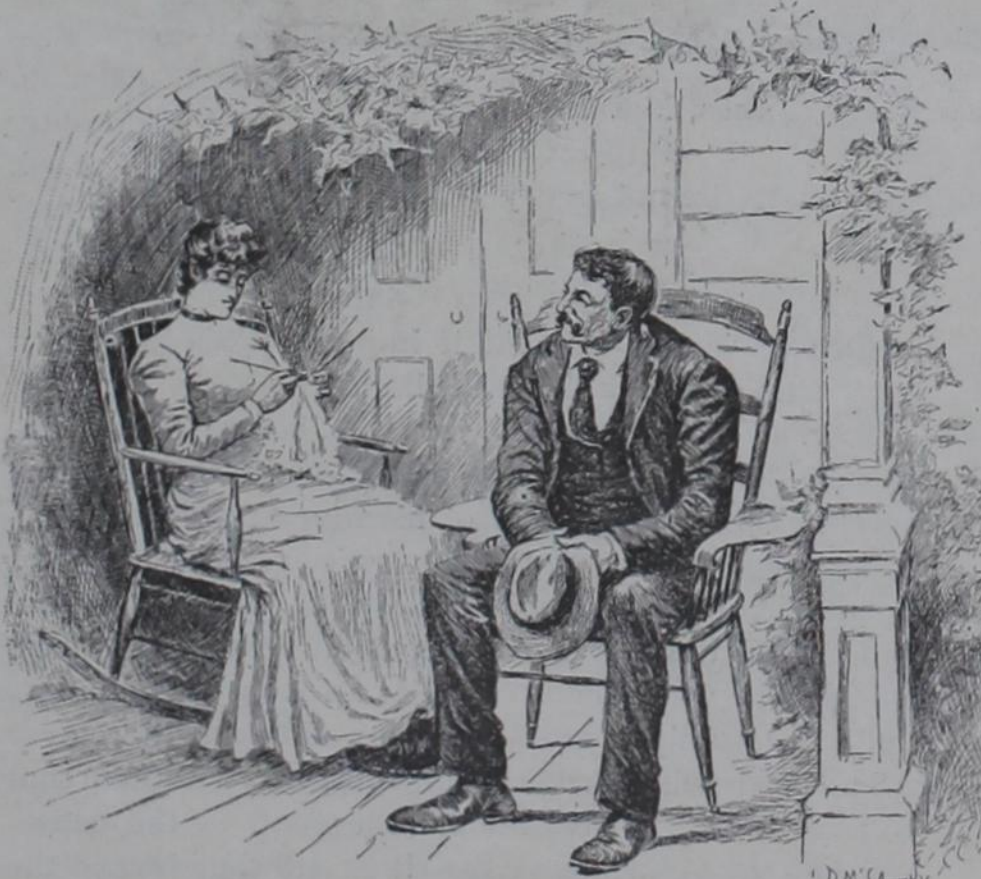
Ever since she had been a carpet weaver "Jolly John's" express wagon had delivered her goods. "Jolly John" was old, bluff, lame and ill-tempered, but exceedingly honest; and so the widow bore patiently with his disobliging ways and uncivil manners, because she was sure that after much growling and blustering he would do what he undertook to do exactly right. Sarcasm had fastened his nickname to him, because he and jollity were total strangers.

One day when the carpet weaver sent for Jolly John's wagon it arrived without Jolly John. The figure that sat on the driver's seat was very unlike Jolly John's. Straight, strong and handsome, this man adorned the situation, and he had a tongue which, like that of Richard III., "could wheedle with the devil." This and his graceful manners made a favorable impression on the widow at once. He was a skillful dog, too, and managed to combine gallantry and business so well that after he was gone the carpet weaver mentally named him "Handsome Henry," as she read the brand new business card he had given her while he explained that he had bought out Jolly John's business, root and branch.

Handsome Henry proved as capable in business as he was fascinating in manner. It was no time until the widow began to look for his coming with a new light in her eye; and always after he drove away a rosy flush dyed her cheeks. Soon the neighbors remarked that she rarely sat alone on the porch now. The good-looking expressman was almost always with her after the work of the day was over; and his face was as bright and sunny as hers.

In a little while he begged her to marry him and make him happy, and she consented.

And so they were married and got on beautifully



"She rarely sat alone on the porch now."

together. The neighbors often spoke of the harmony of the expressman's household. "Here are a husband and wife who really love each other," they said. Nevertheless they probed the situation for weak places, as neighbors will, and discovered a difference in the degree of the love of "Handsome Henry" and his wife. They said the woman's love was stronger, and that the man knew it and would trade upon it and finally get the upper hand of her.

It was true that she loved him overmuch. For years her life had been bitterly lonely and destitute of the sweetness of affection. This made her grateful and glad for her present blessings all the time. She never looked at her new husband without a smile of satisfaction. At times she even marveled at her happiness and wondered humbly why she had been so blessed when many other women were left uncomfortable and alone.

All went well with the married lovers for a time. But the wife fell ill—very ill. Then the husband spoke plainly of what he had often hinted at before—having his wife's property put in his name. (The neighbors always said he had had his eye on the house when he married her.)

"No," she said, "I will keep it in my own name—I have earned it; but you shall share it with me as long as we both live."

That did not suit him. He wanted it made his unmistakably, "in case anything should happen."

"If you mean in case I should die," she said, "it is unnecessary. I shall not die."

He insisted, but she was firm. Then he threatened her. If she could not do him that little kindness he would leave her. Yes, that he would.

She loved him devotedly, and this threat, so cruel and unprovoked, wounded and terrified her. And she was so ill that she had not her usual courage. She wept, entreated and begged him not to leave—not while she was ill, at least. Seeing that he had struck the weak string in her heart, the coward played upon it. There was but one thing that would keep him, he told her, and that was to put the property unreservedly into his hands. In spite of her love for him the poor woman saw his brutal selfishness, and her good sense told her not to yield.

The chivalrous expressman was as good as his word and left her. For a time she was almost heartbroken. The neighbors, phenomenally acute in their perceptions, as neighbors sometimes are, saw that his plan was to stay away a few days and then come back and make his permanency conditional. They were correct in their diagnosis. They said, too, that the deserted woman was so much in love with the handsome monster that she would take him back the first time he put in an appearance. She, however, dried her tears, thought the matter over and said she wouldn't. Still, they felt sure she would.

At the end of a fortnight the wandering refugee returned. He came in with a grave but merciful face, doing the injured and the forgiving quite like the grand, gloomy and peculiar fellow of the melodrama.

His wife, still ill and pale, was propped up in a great chair. In the calmest possible manner she told him that her house was no longer his home. He treated the assertion with lofty scorn; in fact he smiled at it as the vagary of a sick brain, and began to settle down into his old ways. She explained to him that he had forfeited all claim to her consideration by leaving her in so heartless a manner when she was ill; and that if she loved him fifty times more than she did she would never live with him again.

Then it was his turn to beg and entreat, which he did unavailingly. Then he announced that he would stay anyway. He was her husband, and she could not put him out. She thought otherwise, so she sent the kitchen girl for a policeman. Still he wouldn't go. He thought she was trying to scare him; thought she would finally give it all up and tell him he was her "dear old boy," and that she was "glad to have him back."

The strong arm of the law arrived, clad in blue and brass and armed with a bludgeon, and gently but firmly led this recalcitrant "natural protector" out into the bitter world.

Next day the now miserable exile came back with a freshly oiled tongue and undertook to reinstate himself in his wife's affections. Vain hope. The policeman broke rudely in upon his manly eloquence and took

him out again, reminding him that the next time he entered the house he (the policeman) would lock him up.

The neighbors acknowledged themselves astonished at the carpet weaver's firmness. They were astounded when, a few days later, she had a relapse and died, after making a will which cut her husband off without a shilling, and left all her property to a cousin. As she lived in Indiana, which has the most liberal laws for women, she could do this and know that her will would stand undisputed.

The expressman put crape on his hat—he was in mourning for his selfishness and folly, the neighbors said.

Strange faces look out of the windows of the carpet weaver's house as the expressman drives by in his green wagon. "He has had his lesson," the neighbors say. He sighs and wishes he had required less teaching.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

IT HAD ESCAPED HIS NOTICE.

"Father," said the young man as he entered his father's luxurious private office, "I have just jumped the fence at the Inebriates' Home. I am no more worthy to be called your son; make me as one of your hired servants. If you can conveniently advance a month's wages I shall be much obliged. The wine husks at the Fort are very poor and there are practically no—"

"You blasphemous young wretch!" broke in his father, "get out of this office and never show your dissolute face here again!"

"Evidently," said the young man, as he leaned thoughtfully against the bar of the nearest saloon,



A DROP TOO MUCH.

TRAMP—Can I get a drop from the old oaken bucket?
FARMER—No; but you'll git a drop from one of the staves if you come inside the yard.

"very evidently, the part of the father in the Prodigal Son story must have been revised without my having noticed it."

T. G. VARK.

A NEW MOVE IN POLITICS.

Friend—I have called at your office several times but have never been able to find you in.

Lawyer—I was out electioneering. I don't come to my office at all, I'm so busy.

Friend—I see; you are a reform candidate and believe the man should seek the office, not the office the man.

HE CARRIED A SWORD.

Bluster (to an opponent with whom he had been holding an angry discussion)—Be careful of your language to me, sir!

Opponent—What for?

Bluster—I hold to the code. Remember, I carried a sword during the war.

Opponent—Yes, I recollect. You carried it in a Knights Templar procession.

The garden figures extensively in theatricals. Many plays show a garden scene, and some theatres have a roof garden. Then there is a play called Enoch (G)arden, if we remember rightly.

A Frenchman has invented an ink warranted to fade off paper in a week without leaving the slightest trace. A good ink for Mrs. Potter to use in writing contracts with managers.

MR. AND MRS. AUSTIN DISCUSS THE VENDETTA.

"I've an idea," said Mr. Austin the other evening, looking up from the paper he was reading.

Now, Mrs. Austin didn't ask him where he got it, nor tell him to get another as soon as possible to prevent its dying of loneliness, as some wives might have done. She simply asked, "What is it, dear?"

"To start a vendetta."

"A what?"

"A vendetta. One of those family feuds, you know, that break out at intervals in the South. Haven't you read about the Coy-Hatfield affair in West Virginia?"

"Did somebody decoy Hatfield?"

"Well, that's pretty good! You've hit the nail on the head without knowing it. The Coys *do* decoy Hatfields whenever they can, and *vice versa*. They lie in wait for each other!"

"Grocers or coal dealers?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You say they lie in wait."

"Lie in wait to shoot each other, that's what I mean. Each family carries on a relentless war against the other."

"Why, the barbarians!"

"Not at all. They are among the first families of Virginia. At least, they are first in war, but neither one wants to be first in peace. See?"

"Yes, I understand; but all are eager to be first in the hearts—"

"Of their countrymen, the rival faction. I perceive that you catch on. A little slow sometimes, but you get there—"

"All the same, I don't understand what *you* are getting at."

"I'll explain. While this vendetta is going on all the papers are talking about it. Public interest is centered in the county where they are fighting out the feud."

"Few'd want to go there, I should think," remarked Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully, "until the fighting is over. But what has Van got to do with it?"

"Van who?"

"Van Detta. You said Van Detta was going on. Is he the sheriff?"

"I would like to see any sheriff go on there, unless he had a regiment to support him. When anybody interferes with the Coy-Hatfield vendetta he wants to be backed up by the entire *posse comitatus* of the State."

"What does that fat man want to mix himself up with it for?"

"What fat man?"

"Pussy Comitatus."

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

"Go on, John, and tell me if you can what you have to do with a feud in Virginia. What new scheme have you got into your head, anyway? Something to give you notoriety, I'll bet."

"That's just it, Matildy, I want notoriety. No man can make money until he is notorious. You know my ambition is to get myself talked about and then go into the lecture field."

"Well, if you should mix in with the Coy-Hatfields and get yourself shot you would be talked about, especially at the funeral."

"I don't propose to mix myself up with them. What I want is a feud of my own. I want to start a vendetta



UNACCUSTOMED TO THE SEA.

MRS. SIMPKINS (as the spray sends her pet dog yowling towards the lee rail)—Poor Fido! What a dreadful noise he makes.

MR. SIMKAINS (brutally)—Ya-a-s! As the poet says, "His bark is on the sea."

between the Austins and some other family that is not too bloodthirsty. How would your family do, Matildy?"

"Mine is a family of fighters, John."

"Yes, that's so. I don't want to tackle any more of them. But you must know some quiet family in the neighborhood that we can jump on, eh? A family of Quaker origin, say."

"Then you don't want a vendetta of blood."

"Not too much blood; just enough to give interest to it. You see, I want a feud for advertising purposes only. Look how it would read: 'The Great Austin-Smith Vendetta in Texas! Both sides Armed to the Teeth! A battle momentarily expected!' You begin to understand what I am getting at?"

"I think I do."

"After running the vendetta for a while I would manage to have it settled, and then what a candidate I would be for the rostrum."

"For the lunatic asylum, you mean."

"See here, Matildy, there'll be a feud in this family if you go on like that."

But Mrs. Austin only "Phew'd" at him.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE FROG.

The frog is a very curious animal resembling the toad, but it has an advantage over the toad in that it can swim. It has a long pair of legs in the rear and a deep bass voice in front. Some people admire the frog's voice, but that depends upon the kind of music they were brought up to; others admire the hind legs of the frog. This is owing to the style of beef they have been used to. An appetite for frog's legs is apt to be hereditary, and not acquired at one sitting.

A frog, in the first stages of its career, gives no hint as to what it will eventually become. As far as looks go, one would suppose it was going to be a catfish. It spends the first days of its life swimming about in some pool, wagging the small tail that accompanies it. By and by a pair of legs begin to stick out from under its vest; these it uses for a time to kick with, and then moves them up to the shoulders to make way for its long and esculent hind legs. It is then that the frog shakes its tail, quits water except for bathing purposes, and becomes an article of commerce.

The frog figures largely in fairy-tale literature, where he is usually described as a young fellow who has determined that it is his time to go wooing, and consequently gets himself in trouble.

The largest frogs weigh from six to eight tons. They are railroad frogs.

E. R. C.

HAVING WORDS TOGETHER.

Dictionary (to the Grammar)—Please parse the butter.

Grammar—Butter is a common noun—

Dictionary—Very common, at your table.

Grammar (indignation in tense)—It ought to agree with you, then; you're full of the very commonest things.

Dictionary (hardly able to find words in which to express himself)—Your parts of speech are abominable!

Grammar—They beat yours from A to Izzard.

Dictionary—I don't care for your defy.

Grammar—Nor I for your definitions.

Dictionary—I owe no allegiance to you. I am independent of all rules of Grammar.

Grammar—Your talk shows it.

Dictionary—I wouldn't be in your mood for anything. You are a debasing adjective in the superlative degree.

Grammar—No more of your Worcester-shire sauce!

Dictionary (scornfully)—Worcester! Didn't you ever Noah Webster? That's me!

(At this speech Grammar fled aghast.)

MURDER STATISTICS.

It is surprising in what a large number of cases murder does *not* out. In the Rahway murder case the detectives have never been able to discover even the identity of the victim. Tascott, like some Congressmen, is still at large.

However, occasionally a detective does find something. One of them in Boston, who was run over by a street car, according to the headline of a local paper, "Found His Doom." Another detective came to grief in Chicago not long since. A murderer confessed that he killed a man five years ago, thus destroying the clue upon which a detective has been working for years.

BY EASY DEGREES.

An old and well-posted goat who was kept by a secret society for use in initiations, was chewing the leg of a boot, when a young kid came along and asked, "Say, don't it make you awful tired to have those duffers in the lodge ride you so much?"

"No, not much. You see, I get used to it by degrees."



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."—Drummond.



TOLD NOT TO MAKE HIMSELF SICK.

AUNT (to Freddy, who is visiting her)—Freddy, will you have some more cake?

FREDDY—Course I will, Auntie; I don't feel a bit sick yet.



THE DRUMMER SPEAKS

On horn and flute some love to toot,
Others the white keys thrum;
And, day and night, some take delight
On twanging strings to strum;
But, if you please, I'll none of these—
Give me, give me the drum.

Like mice at play, with puss
away,
All other music glides;
Now fast, now 'slow, now
high, now low,
Up hill, down 'dale it slides,
'Tis gay, 'tis sad, 'tis mild,
'tis mad,

But nothing long abides.

Now here we've found a certain sound—
Firm as the grounded rock,
Yet rich and bland, sonorous grand,
With strength no will can mock.
It takes your feet in thrall complete
And times them like a clock.

A few brisk beats roll through your streets—
'Tis like a leader's call!
From far and near you rush to hear!
Back go the curtains all!
Like swarms of bees, to flowering trees,
Come street-boys large and small!
Then, don't you see—the drummer—he
Is master of the place!
No notes repose before his nose
For weary eyes to trace,
He views each sight to left and right
And smiles in each fair face.

So let who will on dull scales drill
Till brain and nerve grow numb,
And let who may, by night and day,
Artistic airs o'ercome—
Oh, gay and free my life shall be,
Give me, give me the drum!

L. G. C.

THE LAST RESORT.

(Translated from the German for Texas Siftings.)

The manager of the Gaiety Theatre reclined lazily in his large arm-chair, blowing a fragrant cloud of tobacco smoke. He was not thinking about anything at all, a condition of mind that does not often prevail with the manager of theatres.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in!" said the great theatrical mogul, with a smile on the right side of his face, in case the intruder should be the handsome prima donna, while the left side of his face retained its stern, unyielding expression, in case the visitor should be the light comedian or heavy villain in pursuit of an advance on his salary.

The intruder was neither of these, but a young man who was a total stranger to the manager.

"What do you want?" asked the manager, abruptly.

"I am Carl Dengler. I have written a play on which I wish you to pass an opinion with a view to its acceptance."

"Give it here," said the manager, pulling open a drawer which was fairly congested, so to speak, with similar manuscript.

"Pardon me, Mr. Manager," said the young man, with a somewhat cynical smile, "but I have heard of that drawer. It is a sort of literary sepulchre into which I do not propose to consign the offspring of my brain."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I know all about that drawer by sad experience. I have sent you by the hand of a friend four of my comedies. They have gone into that drawer, from which they were taken and returned to me by mail. I know you did not read them, because I pasted the leaves of my fourth comedy together. You didn't even look at it."

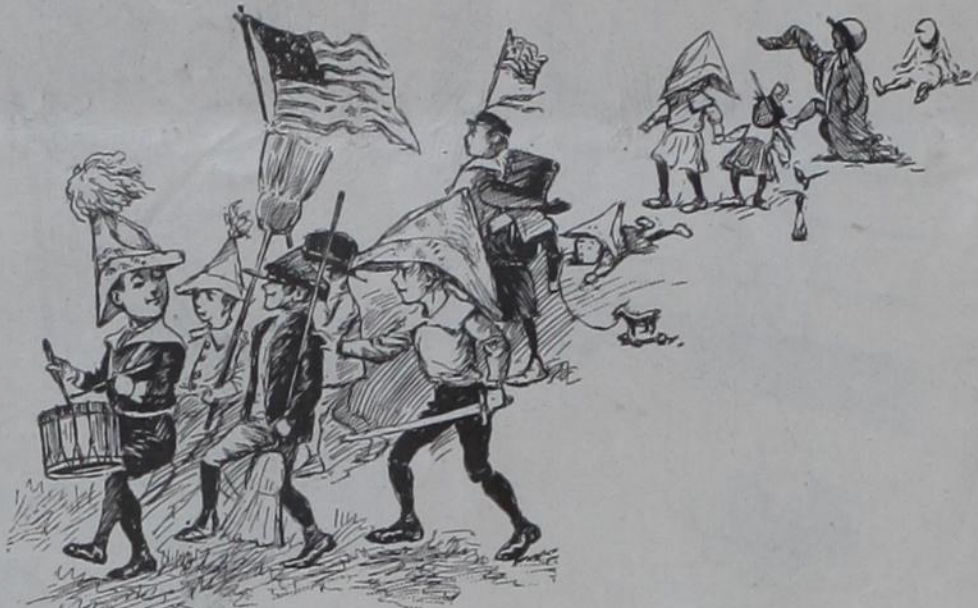
"My dear sir, your conversation does not interest me in the least," replied the manager, looking at the door.

"Perhaps not; but allow me to finish. I am going to force you to take an interest in this comedy."

"Force me!"

"Yes, sir. Because I write funny plays you must not suppose I shall allow you to make a fool of me."

The manager stretched forth his hand to tap the bell, but he changed his mind when the young writer



suddenly drew and presented a loaded pistol at his head, and with a look and a tone of voice that meant business, said:

"Now, you listen while I read this comedy, for I am going to cross-examine you to see if you have been paying attention."

"For heaven's sake! put that pistol away. I'll listen to you," exclaimed the terrified manager, who now believed that he was dealing with a maniac.

The young man began to read. He had a fine delivery and was an excellent elocutionist. By degrees the manager became interested as his dread of being shot decreased. At last he said:

"That scene is really good. You certainly are not without talent."

Presently the manager said: "That last act is a little too long, but otherwise it is excellent."

"Then my comedy really interests you, does it?" asked the author.

"Indeed it does. I am sure that it will make a big hit."

"I hope you will overlook my rather unique method of interesting you in it."

"Don't mention it. We will have it on the stage in fine style as soon as possible. What is the name of it?"

"The title I have selected is the very appropriate one, 'The Last Resort,' replied the author, taking up his pistol from where he had placed it on the table and returning it to his pocket.

HOW HE RAISED IT.

"Do they ever find any buried treasure in these old Mexican houses?" asked a visitor from the North to a Texas man.

"Occasionally. I once raised a pot of gold in one of them," replied the Texan.

Stranger—"Raised it with a spade, I suppose?"

Texan—"Yes, with five of them—straight flush."

First New Yorker—"What's the news, Tom? Anything startling happened to-day?"

Second New Yorker—"I should say so. There has been no subway explosion reported as yet."

THE ITALIAN BANCO.

In late years nothing has been of half so much service as philology, and, properly pursued, there is no study half so amusing and instructive as the study of words. It throws a wonderful light upon hundreds of dark spots in the past, and sheds a certain halo of antiquity upon some of the commonest acts and expressions of our lives.

Many of the most familiar terms of speech are of course of Saxon origin, but the Latin, through the Italian, can claim a very fair share of the most ordinary phrases, especially in matters relating to banking and finance. This is largely owing to the fact that the Lombards were the first bankers in Europe who conducted their business upon principles resembling those prevailing in our own day. The very term "bank" is a good illustration of the humble beginning of the business now carried on by the great monarchs in the realm of Mammon. In early times the primitive bankers transacted their business upon a simple movable bench (banco), and when any of them failed to keep his engagements his bench was said to be broken (banco rotto), hence the word bankrupt.

Mountebank is another instance of the descent of Italian commercial phraseology to the English tongue. The first Italian quack doctors carried a portable bench with them, which they mounted to address the people, in the squares and market places, upon the virtues of their nostrums. It was from this old practice that the term "mountebank," the mounter upon a bench, came to be applied to every species of public charlatanry.

H.

FINISHED.

General Boulanger has had a good many hard things said about him, but he has one redeeming quality.

What's that?

It will be generally conceded that he is now, at all events, a *finished* gentleman.

HARD FARE.

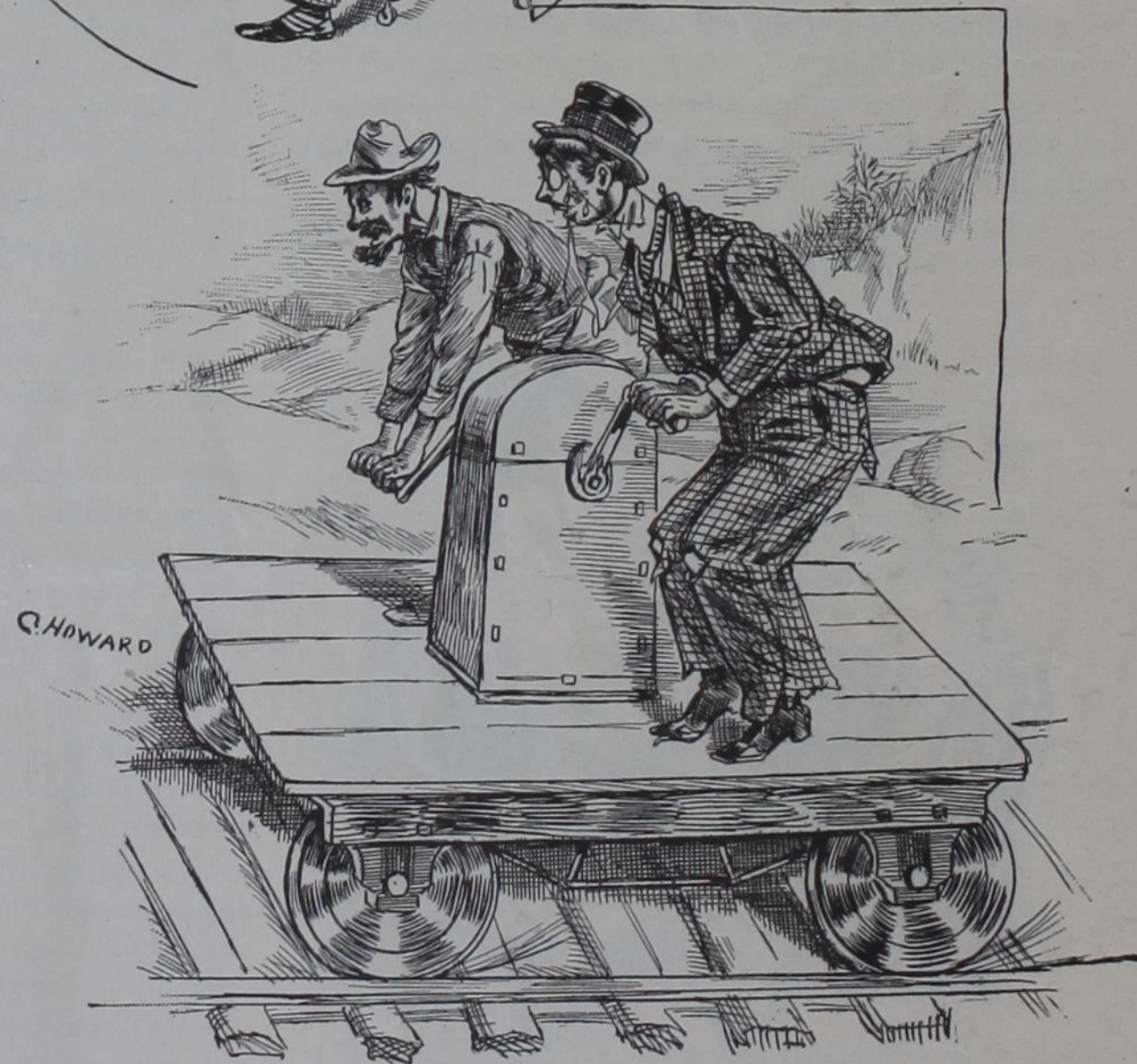
A.—Did you ever read the story of Prometheus, who was chained to a rock and whose liver was eaten by the vultures?

B.—Certainly, I have read it several times.

Are your sympathies with Prometheus?

Of course.

Well, you get your meals at my boarding-house and you will get liver so regularly that your sympathies will be entirely with the vultures.



TO RESTORE LOST ENERGY.

DOCTOR (to dude who has sent for him)—What seems to be the matter, Mr. Softy?

SOFTY—Don't know, ye know. Loss of energy. Can anything bring it back?

DOCTOR—Well, yes. Manage to get broke a thousand miles from home, and be compelled to work your way back on a hand-car.



A GUARANTEE OF HARMONY.

MR. JOHNSON (about to deal)—Now, ob course it's understood all 'round dat dis is goin' to be a puffedly quiet game!
 OLD YALLERBY—I hope so, but hit looks ter me as ef somebody mout razor row. Heah! heah! heah!

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Jones bought a mare from a farmer who recommended the animal as gentle, alleging that Jones' wife, for whom the mare was bought, would have no difficulty in driving her. Nevertheless, the first time Mrs. Jones tried to drive the animal it ran away with the buggy and almost broke the fair driver's neck. Jones, in a furious mood, hunted up the farmer and said angrily:

"What do you mean by selling me that vicious brute? You told me my wife could drive her, but as soon as she was in the buggy she shied, and taking the bit between her teeth, she——"

"What! your wife?"

"No; that wretched crow-bait of a mare with which you have swindled me. She wouldn't be held in, but just reared up——"

"Your wife reared up?"

"No, the mare, you fool. She nearly killed my wife. She kicked up with her hind legs——"

"You don't mean to say your wife kicked?"

"No; the wretched mare. My poor wife is half dead with fright and anxiety. She hasn't eaten a bite since yesterday, but lies on the sofa with her eyes shut, moaning and crying——"

"The mare does that?"

"No; my wife. I have half a notion to murder you. We have to give her a teaspoonful of brandy every half hour."

"The mare?"

"No; my wife, donkey. This beast that you have sold me should be killed. She is liable to run away at any moment, first chance she gets."

"You mean your wife?"

"No, your darned old mare. I want my money back."

"Why didn't you say you wanted the mare for your wife? You merely said you wanted the animal for a lady. I thought perhaps you wanted something for your mother-in-law to drive."

"Now I see how I can make some money out of that brute."

"Out of your mother-in-law?"

"No, the mare. I'll tell a newspaper reporter about the mare running away, but say that, instead of my wife, it was my mother-in-law who was driving. The married men of my acquaintance will pay any price for her. So you see it's all right. Good morning."



NO ROOM TO SHRINK.

BRIGGS—Do you see that little dried-up man going along there?

JINGO—Yes; what of him?

He looks harmless enough; but he's a bold, bad man. He would shrink at nothing.

Well, there isn't room for him to shrink much more.

NOT SO MUCH OF A FABLE, EITHER.

As a Prominent Kansan was going toward Town, his occupation of attending strictly to his own Business was rudely interrupted by a Mysterious Presence which ran against and over him, leaving him Kicking in the Road, and went tearing on in the direction of the Tall Timber like forty dogs after a cat.

The victim of the Assault picked himself up, made a careful Examination of his Person, and finding all his Bones intact, trudged onward toward Town whither he had been called by Curiosity, to the Flaying of a Friend who was a Witness in a regular Kansas liquor trial. After listening for some time to the proceedings, the Prominent Man suddenly lifted up his hands and his voice and cried aloud:

"Now I know full well what it was that ran over me out on the Prairie, nearly knocking the spots out of me! It was Justice, disgusted, taking to the woods!"

Four minutes later he had been fined \$10 for contempt of Court.

Moral.—When in the majestic presence of the Law, it is often best to imitate the example of the Sailor's Parrot, who, according to Tradition, was not much of a Talker but was a terrible Fellow to Think.

TOM P. MORGAN.

SOMEWHAT HUNGRY.

Besides receiving very large salaries New York judges have themselves appointed referee, by which arrangement they pocket additional fees. Here is a parallel case:

"Tommy," said a fond mother, "you have taken a great deal more maple sugar than I allow you."

"Yes, ma, I have been making believe that there was another little boy spending the day with me."

Possibly there is another little boy, or little girl, spending the day with some of these officials.

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



HE abuse of Cleveland by Hill makes Harrison apprehensive—Bill Snort devises a plan to dispel his melancholia—An alleged friend agrees to help him—The phonograph as a political boomerang—Snort presented with several aromatic testimonials—Cheers for Blaine and Cleveland—Harrison much discouraged over the ovation—What Snort writes to Johnny Fizzletop on the subject.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—Sam Doozenbury's Mastodon Mammoth Minstrel Aggregation has been giving performances to crowded houses here in Washington. Doozenbury is an old friend of mine. I have known him for years, but I'll give you our conversation, which will explain things quicker:

"I suppose, Doozy, you know that a tepid friendship exists between myself and President Harrison," said I, thinking to awe Doozy.

"All right, Snort, I'll keep quiet about it. I'll not give you away, but you ought to drop him and go into some legitimate business," replied Doozenbury, who leans toward the Democracy.

"Doozy, I want you to do me a favor."

"Snort, I'll make any sacrifices for *you*, except I don't want you to bring Harrison around here and try and introduce him to me. I draw the line at Indiana Presidents."

"You know, Doozy, one of my duties is to cheer up Harrison when he has the blues, and now that Dave Hill has been sneering at Cleveland and making him unpopular, Ben feels pretty bad."

"So Cleveland is the source of Ben's depression?"

"Yes, Ben is not like the sky. It is most cheerful when it is bluest. It is not that way with Harrison."

"You ought to keep him out of the Blue Room."

"That wouldn't help him. What he needs is some sort of an ovation. He hasn't heard anybody say 'Hurrah for Harrison!' in a long time now."

"Well, Snort, if I can help you in getting up some bogus Harrison enthusiasm, I'll do it for your sake."

"You can. A feature of your minstrel show is a trick phonograph, from which you grind out sayings of distinguished men."

"Well, what of that?"

"I'll blacken my face and work that phonograph. I'll say: 'Listen to the voice of that pure patriot, Benjamin Harrison.' Then I'll grind out something about civil service reform. Simultaneously a large portrait of Harrison will appear on the stage, the band will strike up, 'Hail to the Chief!' The vast audience will rise like one man, and the cheers for Harrison will be deafening. Then the old man will smile once more like a Florida alligator."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Doozenbury. "At Indianapolis I got off something favorable to Harrison, and in consequence we lost so much money that the end men had to sell their very bones to raise money to pay their board bills. If I had said anything more in favor of Harrison, I might now be hunting for rail splinters in my legs and smelling of tar. That's the sort of a popular idol Harrison is where they know him. That's why I despise him."

"But, Doozy, it's different in Washington."

"I'm not going to take any foolish chances, but you can say what you please in favor of Harrison on my phonograph."

The National Theatre was crowded. In a box sat the entire Blaine tribe, which struck me as a little peculiar. The phonograph specialty was the last thing on the programme. Doozenbury sang a touching ballad

that brought tears to many eyes. It was entitled, "O, where did Mother Hide the Pie?"

Then I came out and smiled on the audience. I have not snickered since, Johnny. I said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, dis am Edison's miraculous phonograph, what reproduces the human voice. I simply turns de crank, and you will hear de words ob dat great statesman and pure patriot—"

"Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" roared about half the audience, while the rest cheered for Grover Cleveland.

As soon as I could catch my breath and there was a pause, I yelled back: "No, that good man is Ben Harrison!"

Harrison's picture appeared and the band struck up, "Hail to the Chief!" Simultaneously an egg, that that must have been laid by a hen that had something the matter with her, hit me on the tire of my ear. Doozenbury told me afterwards that for a moment there was a bright golden halo around my head, and I looked like a picture of one of the middle-aged saints. There was, however, a smell strong enough to drive a dog out of a slaughter-house. Harrison's picture was a blessing to me, as it intercepted some of the missiles. As I dodged a dead cat, I saw Mrs. James G. Blaine, Sr., who don't like me, grin sardonically, like a gleam of sunshine on some ancient ruin.

The audience kept on cheering for Blaine and Cleve-



Snort's Make-up as a Negro Minstrel.

land. Then I tumbled. I perceived the fine Italian hand of Blaine. I also perceived another aromatic testimonial that exploded on my person and made me wish I had not put on my best suit. Then I adjourned E Pluribus Unum, as it were. My friend Doozenbury was evidently a tool of Blaine. Such is friendship.

Next morning I called on Harrison. At first I thought he was sneering, but I discovered that he was merely turning up his nose at the aroma from the aromatic testimonials I had been presented with, and which I had been unable to eradicate. In the language of the poet:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

"Col. Snort," said Harrison, "you will oblige me in the future by neglecting to get up any negro minstrel demonstrations in my favor."

"It didn't seem to be much in *your* favor, Mr. President."

"You failed ignominiously, Col. Snort. Dear me, what a peculiar smell there is in this room. It must be the miasmatic vapors from the Potomac flats," said Harrison.

The colored stenographer entered. When he saw me he exploded with laughter, and retreated.

"Mr. President," said I, "if you were to fire that nigger out of a cannon loaded with carbolic acid, maybe the miasmatic vapors from the Potomac flats would be less vociferous. But to return to the ovation last night. None of your friends seemed to be there."

"Col. Snort, why didn't you ask Mr. Wanamaker to detail some of his government employés to attend the performance and cheer for Harrison and reform?"

"I did ask Wanny to send down a lot of postal clerks to cheer for Harrison, but he refused to do so."

"Did he give any reason for refusing?"

"Yes, the fall clothing trade is booming now, and the government clerks in his department are busy sending out his business circulars about overcoats, gentlemanly underwear, etc."

"Did he, himself, attend?"

"No; he said it was his prayer meeting night. He said, moreover, it was wicked to attend minstrel performances for political purposes."

"Where were your Southern Republican office seekers, who infest Washington and bore me for fat offices?" asked Harrison angrily.

"Mr. President, I gave more than forty of them fifty cents apiece to pay admission to the performance, and I told them to yell the lining off their throats howling for Harrison and reform, but they didn't show up."

"Why didn't they?"

"Because they spent the fifty cents for something to eat. Most of them haven't had a square meal in months."

Our Lige entered. He, too, snickered, and said something about my not being as black as I was painted. He opened all the windows, and remarking phew! went out, holding his nose. Then I got up, said phew! and went out, too, holding my nose.

Harrison is small potatoes. When he crawls out of office he will leave a hole not as big as is made by pulling a knitting needle out of the Atlantic ocean. Like the figure one on a ten-dollar bill, he is next to nothing.

A beetle can draw twenty times his own weight, and so can a mustard plaster, but Harrison can't draw one of Watts' hymns for infant minds down hill.

You would suppose that this Indiana clam would be popular here in Washington, but he ain't. I have found it out to my sorrow. Verily, I feel like donning a jaunty suit of sackcloth and ashes and casting myself upon the earth with the force of a red-headed step-mother's arm. I've half a notion to flop back to the Democracy.

Your friend,

BILL SNORT.

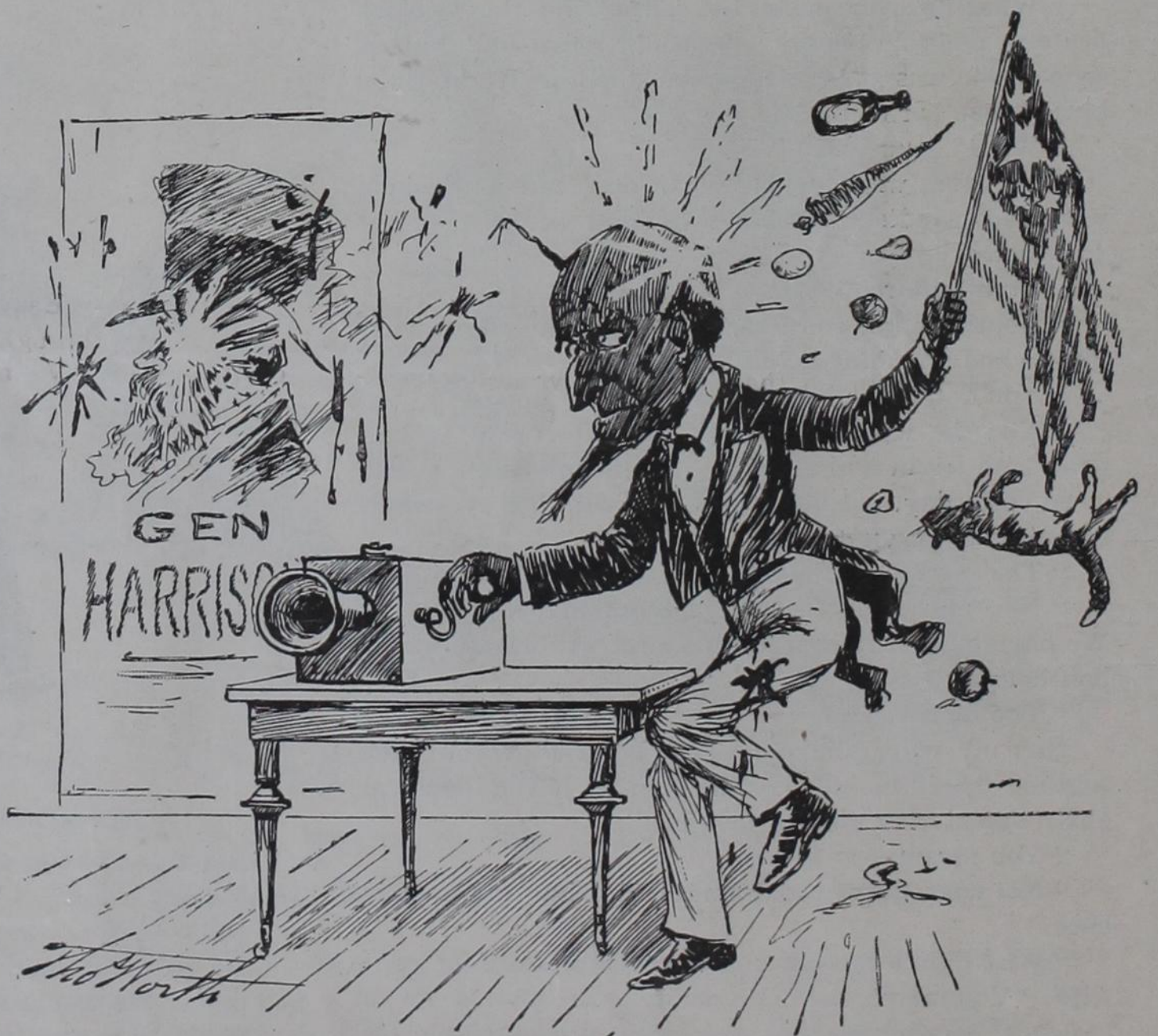
WHY THE MILK SOURS.

She—This milk is sour.

He—That's very strange.

No, it isn't. Scientists say great noises will make milk sour, and you made noise enough when you came home late last night to sour a whole dairy.

An aged prima donna should shun the ocean; she is apt to be wrecked on the high C.



Snort Regrets Mentioning Harrison's Name.

rail-splitter and closed the argument for the time, although they can never be friends again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Prohibitionist asks: "Is it wrong to ask a man to drink?" Certainly not. Ours is a milk punch, thank you.

Araminta—A good way to darken the eyebrows is to get into an argument with John L. Sullivan.

Percy Vere—We cannot advise you how to get on in the World. Better apply to Mr. Pulitzer or to Col. Cockrell on the premises.

Applicant—In appointing policemen more regard is given to the force of character than to the character of the force.

Musical—We should consider it a crime for a piano tuner to test the instrument at 3 a. m., but still the offence would bring a-tone-ment.

Actress—It is not so easy to get on the stage now as it used to be before the Broadway line stopped running. Tram cars now take the place of the stage. Fare, five cents.

Banting—The best way to reduce your wait, either here or elsewhere, is not to stay so long next time.

Sufferer—Pneumonia is a lung disease, and is so called because when you get it, you pneumonia thought you did about the malady.

A. Toper—Chronic red noses are obtained on the installment plan, by the excessive use of East winds, cold snaps, blizzards and other ingredients.

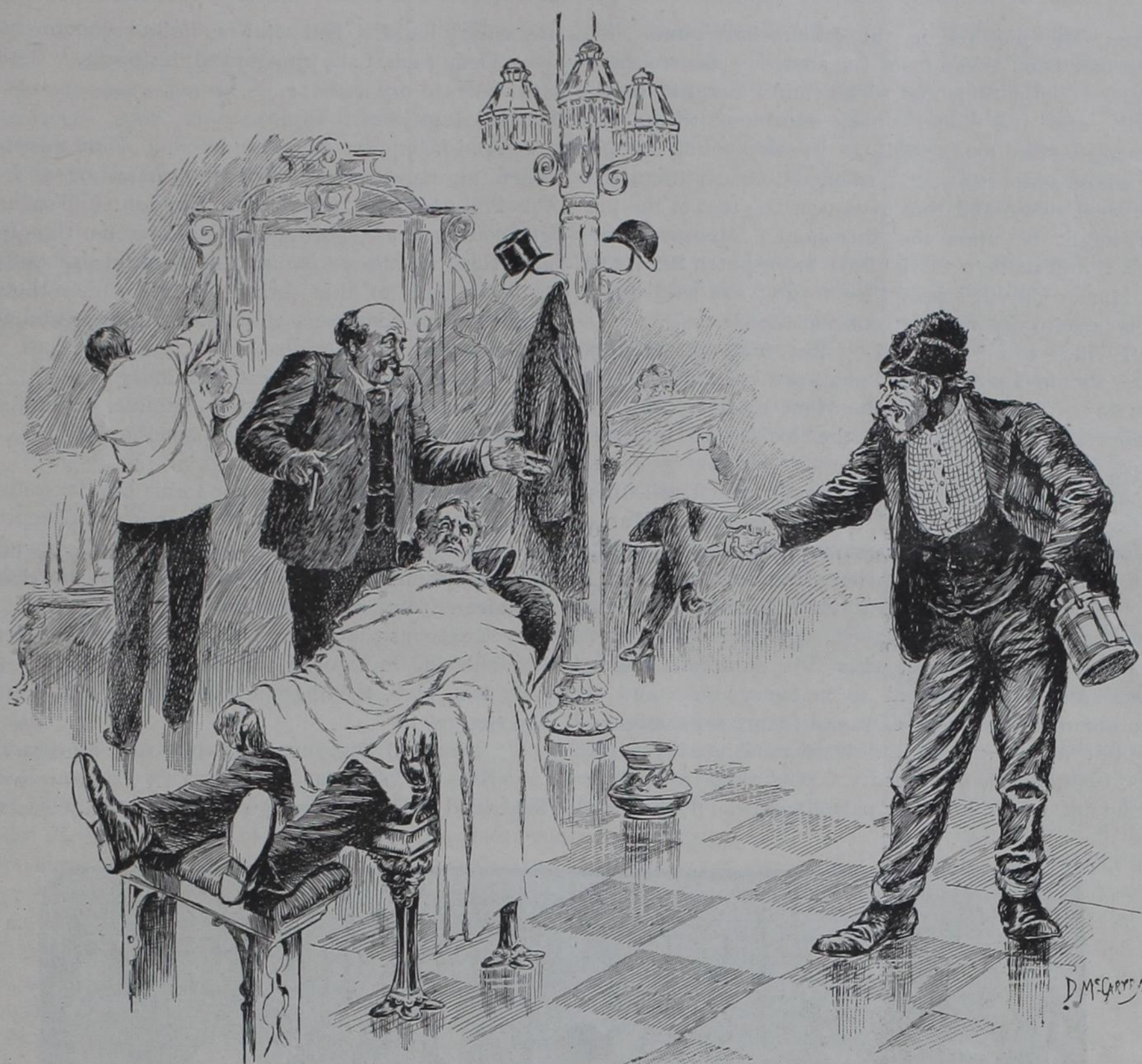
Maud S.—The difference between satin and watered satin is very slight, but to make sure that your satin is watered soak it over night. A good place to soak it is at your uncle's.

Ambition—We have received your "Lines on the Break of Day," and think you made a bad break of it, anyhow. As to what you might get for the poem that depends upon what temper the judge was in when sentencing you.

Politician—The easiest way to take stains out of your character is to give a champagne supper to the representatives of the press. When you read the papers next day you will find it hard to remember how you acquired all your alleged virtues.

Reader—The circulation of TEXAS SIFTINGS fully equals the circulation of the blood, for it is red everywhere; it warms the heart by its humorous veins, and is the life and soul of the great body of Americans at home and abroad

JOHN S. GREY.



MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE.

BARBER (whose humble shop has been transformed into a fashionable one)—We don't shave laboring men no more here already; only merchants.

LABORING MAN (pointing to a customer in the chair)—You don't, eh? The chap you're shaving now peddles charcoal.

BARBER—Vell, he's a merchant. Must draw de line somewhere; we draw it on charcoal.

THE POOR OUTRAGED SALOON KEEPER.

"What an outrage it is," said the seedy man, Sunday morning, leaning against the bar in a careless attitude and addressing the barkeeper, who was wiping his tumblers with a cloth, "what an outrage it is for the authorities of New York to interfere with the rights of saloon keepers, and force them to shut up their places on Sunday. You pay your license, don't you?"

The barkeeper coldly nodded and mentally said, "If you get anything here you'll pay for it, too."

"That's it, you see. There's where the wrong comes in. You pay for privileges that you don't get. Give me a little brandy."

"My brandy is twenty-five cents a drink and I can't afford to give it away, particularly as my rent was raised the other day."

"You are fortunate in having your rent already raised. I don't know when I shall be able to raise mine. As I was saying, we live under a very tyrannous government, in which our rights are little respected, with perhaps the single exception of John L. Sullivan's 'right.' Rather neat, that, eh? A little whisky, please."

"You will have to excuse me unless you have fifteen cents about your clothes. I am only half partner in this bar, and have to look out for the rights of others besides myself. You had better go somewhere else."

"Rome," continued the seedy man, without appearing to have heard the last remark of the tumbler wiper, "Rome in the most tyrannous days of her power, never dared to close her saloons on Sunday."

"How was it in Syracuse?"

"Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, committed many outrages, but he never went so far as that. He even ordered saloon doors to be removed from their hinges altogether on Sunday, and a thirsty man without any money—"

"Do you think it's going to rain?"

"Saloon keepers should fight this excise board to the death, and I for one am with you. It is the sacred cause of human liberty, for which our fathers—a glass of beer if you don't mind."

"Now you get out of here," cried the barkeeper, starting from behind the bar. "I don't want no broke men nor dead beats in here. Git!"

"I'll report you to the Board," cried the seedy man,

hurrying to the side door. "You're breaking the law selling liquor on Sunday, and I'll have your license taken away. I'll have you shut up—"

An empty beer bottle struck the wall in dangerous proximity to his head, and he incontinently shut up himself and fled.

ON PICKET.

The Rail Fence and the Picket Fence fell into a dispute one day, and although it began in a spirit of raillery it grew pretty hot after a while.

Rail Fence—"Don't you sometimes get tired of picket duty?"

Picket Fence—"It is better than the crooked work you are doing."

Rail Fence—"Nothing crooked about you, I suppose?"

Picket Fence—"No. I'm straight up and down every time."

Rail Fence—"Easy enough to see through you, though. Now, a tight board fence—"

Picket Fence—"Never saw a board fence 'tight.' It is only a rail fence that makes crooked tracks. I'm well posted, you see."

Rail Fence—"You would have been in the gutter long ago if you wasn't held up. You would better hold up, too."

Picket Fence—"You haven't sense enough to know which way to run, if you hadn't a 'rider.' This was a regular



ONLY ONE THING LACKING.

[Mr. Jones had married little Johnny's maiden aunt, and they were at the wedding breakfast.]

LITTLE JOHNNY (to his grandfather)—When are you going to begin on him, grampa?

GRANDPA—Begin on who, Johnny?

On Mr. Jones. I heard you tell gramma he wouldn't be so bad if you could only put some brains in him.

[Breakfast was finished without Johnny.]

HALF-PAST FOUR.

A STORY OF THE CAVALIERS AND THE ROUNDHEADS.

BY FAYR MADOC.



IN AN OLD manor-house, within a long day's ride from Naseby, there is a certain stately apartment known as the great hall, which is lighted by large windows to the south, and around three sides of which runs a gallery, reached from the southeast corner by a flight of a dozen steps. In this gallery hangs a picture of a young and beautiful woman, attired in the costume of the Stuart period. A gigantic clock, whose pendulum is enclosed in a huge wooden case, still stands below the west gallery; and, in front of this clock, if the inquisitive visitor should chance to raise the carpet, he would see a dark stain upon the boards beneath, and he would be told that this stain is a stain of blood, and his informant, pointing to the picture, which hangs exactly opposite, would say that this picture is the portrait of Mistress Anne Fane, and would add with lowered voice, that the blood stain and Mistress Anne were not remotely connected. How it came to pass that so lovely and gentle a lady became associated with a bloody deed it is now my purpose to relate.

On a June afternoon, in the year 1645, the great hall of Fane Place was occupied by two persons. The windows were carefully shuttered, and only a small crack was left open to admit light. The door was closed. On the table were spread viands, and a gentleman, in the dress of a cavalier, was hastily partaking of refreshment. His companion—a young woman of prepossessing appearance—ministered deftly to his wants, laying her finger on her lips when he attempted to speak.

"Hush!" she said softly. "Eat, Master Quivil, while thou canst. Who knows what may happen next? My brother Toby watches, and he may bring us news of pursuit at any moment. Eat."

He ate and drank, therefore, at her command. But when he had satisfied his hunger, Master Quivil rose and stood before her, with longing words trembling upon his lips. He was young—not more, certainly, than five-and-twenty—and handsome, with a winning smile and bright eyes. She was perhaps, three years his junior, and as beautiful as a morn in May. There were, indeed, some who sighed that there was no court where Mistress Anne Fane might have displayed her charms and won the heart of some great noble by her beauty and her grace. But there was no court now, and the king was in sorrow, and Mistress Anne's Melchin lace was sold, and her mother's jewels pawned, and she herself had donned a sad-colored robe and her countenance was careworn. Nevertheless, the fugitive from Naseby thought that she was the most exquisite sight that he had ever seen, and his eyes dwelt tenderly upon her face.

"How can I thank thee enough?" he began. "I came here friendless and thou has succored me. I found thee alone—thy father dead—thy elder brother far away—nobody to defend thee but a lad of fifteen and a dotard servant. And yet thou hast received me—fed me—entertained me—"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Thou fightest in a good cause, and I would die for such. I did it for the king."

"For the king only?" he said.

"I did it for the king," she repeated, blushing. "But do not tarry, Master Quivil. I pray thee go, for I cannot conceal thee here. Even our lumber rooms are bare, and not the veriest mouse could shelter here in safety."

The great hall was in truth almost denuded of fur-

For Dyspepsia

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

niture. The pictures in the gallery had gone. The books had been taken from the shelves. Scarce aught remained but a table and some chairs, a settle by the hearth, and the clock, whose enormous white face seemed to stare menacingly at the two young people, and whose sonorous ticking seemed to warn them that time sped away, and that even now the feet of the pursuer might be upon the threshold. Mistress Anne heard it and made a fresh effort to despatch her guest.

"Master Quivil, I pray thee to go," she said again. "Tis beyond my power to conceal thee here."

"I will, I will!" he cried. "But first, oh, Mistress Anne, should I not wait till sundown? I cannot fly in open day. 'Tis little more than four by the clock."

She followed his gaze to the clock's face and hesitated.

"Mistress, I will depart at sundown. Until then, my flight would command an easy capture. Harbor me for these few hours, sweet mistress, and I will be gone. Thou knowest not what these few hours are to me. But hast thou forgotten our childish days? Hast thou forgotten when we played together? That was a dear and precious time, when the summers seemed eternal, and peace seemed to be everywhere, and we little dreamed of coming care and future separation. I was but a lad and thou a little maid, and yet, mistress, I called thee sweetheart. Dost thou recall?"

She did recall, and her pale cheek was flushed with

my empty hand. But send me not away comfortless."

"Dear Jack," she murmured, blushing, "thou hast ever been in my heart."

He caught her to him.

"And if happier days should come, Nan, sweet Nan, when my hand holds a triumphant sword, and when the king marches proudly to London, and when the gay court gathers again, gayer and statelier than before, say, Nan, wilt thou take my happy hand and suffer me to lead thee to that bright court, which thou wilt brighten and adorn as a diamond brightens and adorns the crown?"

"Oh, Jack, thou speakest too kindly."

"Nay, mistress, I am thy humble servant. But wouldst thou thus glorify my poor life?"

"Oh, Jack; dear Jack."

But even as he pressed her to his breast, something passing the window outside for a moment obscured the one ray of light which streamed through the shutter that had been left ajar. The girl started violently and withdrew from her lover's embrace.

"What was that?" she whispered fearfully.

"Nothing, my queen," he said reassuringly.

"Nay, nay, Jack; some one passed. Didst not see the shadow?"

"'Twas old Diggon, mayhap, or thy brother Toby."

"No, no," she said in terror. "Diggon is in the field, and Toby watches from the road. This is some



"For love's sake!" cried Quivil, pointing his pistol at his own breast.

a bright pink as he spoke. But she did not reply. Instead, she averted her eyes, and, after a moment he continued speaking.

"I gave thee once a rose," he said. "Dost remember? 'Twas June, a June so long ago that it seems like a dream. We walked together in the rose-garden. I mind me we had escaped from Henry Dowdeswell, and left him sulking. And I plucked a rose and said: 'Take it, Nan; take it as a pledge from the unformed boy, that the gallant man shall return to woo thee. And thou took'st it, sweetheart, with a tear glistening in thy pretty eyes, and thou didst promise to dry thy petals and fold them among thy raiment, and keep them till I came back to prove my gallantry and to win thee. Alas, Nan, I have come back. But my gallantry is unproved, for the day is lost, and I have fled, and how can I hope that thou wilt smile upon me now?"

He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Ah, Master Quivil—"

"Wilt not call me Jack, sweet love? Dear heart I come to thee scarred and luckless. I dare not offer thee

one who has alighted at the postern gate, and who comes through the garden."

"Then it is some one who knows the house well, dear love—a friend, belike."

"Nay. There is no one. Young Master Dowdeswell alone hath come hither, over and again. But he is a traitor and hath come here spying the land. And oh, Jack, if he should come again, he comes as thy enemy. Was he at Naseby?"

"He was, Nan. I saw the prickeared rogue."

"It may be he. Oh, Jack, Jack!"

Whether it was Master Dowdeswell or not, it was clear that it was some who was acquainted with the ways of Fane Place. For in another moment the sound was heard as of a handle being turned, and then the heavy tread of one who crossed the outer vestibule and drew near to the door of the great hall. Anne clasped her lover's arm convulsively.

Baker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

"My own love, thou must escape," she sobbed. "Through the window? No, no! He will have placed a watch. In the gallery? Alas, not a mouse could shelter there!"

"She looked around wildly. The footsteps drew yet nearer. Suddenly her eyes lighted on the clock's face.

"The clock, the clock!" she cried in a stifled voice.

Throwing open the case and holding aside the pendulum, she motioned to Quivil to get within. He obeyed her instantly and without a word. She closed the case upon him, and, as she turned away, the door of the apartment opened and a loud and stern voice demanded admittance.

Before she had time either for welcome or denial the speaker entered. He was a tall and soldierly man, wanting yet several years of thirty.

"Good-day, Mistress Anne," he said.

"Good-day, Master Dowdeswell," she returned.

"I come upon business," he announced. "I have a search-warrant to ransack thy house. I seek the body of Master John Quivil. He is supposed to be in hiding here or whereabouts, and I—"

He paused, but she did not speak.

"I came this way," he went on after a moment. "I thought, madam, it might be more agreeable that a friend should search thy house than a stranger."

"'Twas kindly done, Master Dowdeswell."

"Nay, madam. Duty is rarely kind, and I have strictly fulfilled my duty. Is the traitor John Quivil hidden here?" he demanded.

"There is no traitor here," returned Anne quickly.

Dowdeswell smiled grimly.

"Mistress Anne, thou know'st what I mean," he said. "Thine is a wilful misapprehension. I ask again: Doth the body of the traitor John Quivil lie here concealed?"

"I conceal no traitors, Master Dowdeswell."

"But dost thou conceal the body of John Quivil, madam?"

For a moment she could not answer, and Dowdeswell smiled again. "I perceive that thou hast lately eaten," he said. Then, glancing at the clock:

"Half-past four! 'Tis marvelous strange that thou should'st dine or sup at such an hour."

"The times are strange, Master Dowdeswell, and we do strange things in strange times."

"Aye, mistress. Even to the harboring of traitors. Who, I desire thee tell me, who hath broken bread in this place? But nay. Answer me not. Cover not thy malignancy with falsehood. Thou hast a traitor here and I will drag him forth."

Then, striding to the door, he shouted to his underlings, who had just reached the front entrance of the house. Bidding them search the mansion and the out-houses, he seated himself at the table, laying a pair of pistols upon it. Anne still stood, with her hands clasped, in front of the great clock, whose hands pointed to half-past four. It seemed to her that she dared not move from this position. She fancied that Quivil's breathing was audible, and she feared least Dowdeswell should approach his hiding-place too near.

"Wilt thou not be seated, mistress?" asked Dowdeswell presently, in a gentler tone.

"I do not sit with the king's enemies," she replied haughtily.

"Ah, mistress, reproach me not," he protested. "Time was when Henry Dowdeswell could win a smile from fair Mistress Anne Fane."

"That, sir, was when Master Henry Dowdeswell's heart beat true."

"It hath beat ever true, Mistress Anne, and never truer than now. Didst suppose that Henry Dowdeswell's heart could beat for any maid but Mistress Anne Fane?"

"Master Dowdeswell!"

"Listen, Mistress Anne. Dost forget all the days of youth—all the games that we twain played together—all our intercourse, sweet and bitter by turns—all the jealousies and rivalries between thy humble servant and Jack Quivil? I never liked the lad. But I forbore to cuff one upon whom my mistress smiled. Thou didst not often smile upon me, Mistress Anne. Yet there were times when thou call'dst me Henry, and when thy hand would clasp mine as we crossed the rotten bridge returning from church, and when thy thanks came prettily if I brought thee a honeycomb or a dish of yellow plums."

"Aye. I bear in mind the goodness of yore. But Master Henry Dowdeswell was then a loyal subject of the king."

"Charles Stuart, lady, was then a loyal king unto his subjects."

"Tut, tut, sir! His most sacred Majesty can do no wrong."

"Mistress, we will not argue that. Speak not we of the king. Speak we only of ourselves. Mistress Anne, once thou wert little Nan to me."

"Truly, Master Dowdeswell, thou hast a fine memory!"

"Aye. I have never forgotten one moment of time passed in thy fair presence."

"Hush, Master Dowdeswell! I cannot hear thee."

"Because I serve not the king, madam?"

"Aye. And because—"

"Not because thou lov'st another? Say not that!"

I must say it, Master Dowdeswell."

He looked at her gravely.

"Mistress, is it all forgot?" he said, chidingly. "I twined many a rosy garland for thee in the days of my carelessness and my profligacy, and thou frown'dst not always then."

"Thou wert ever kind," she said, trembling. "But I cannot love twain."

"And thou lovest—whom?"

"Pardon me, Master Dowdeswell. But what is that to thee?"

Then there was silence for a space, and presently the trampling of men's feet sounded in the vestibule. Dowdeswell rose and went to the door.

"We have searched, Captain, but we discovered none," said a harsh voice. "Only in the stable a worn-out nag reposed, and there be blood upon his flanks and a slight wound, and methinks he hath been in the battle, and in the holster was this kerchief, embroidered with the letters J. Q."

"Good," returned Dowdeswell. "Await me without."

Then he shut the door and came back to his former position, fronting Anne, and with the clock that still pointed to half-past four behind her.

"Mistress Anne Fane," he began sententially, "I like thee well, and I would fain make thee my wife. Tell me—as thou fearest God and as thou lovest virtue and desirest the rewards of Heaven—dost thou conceal here in some secret chamber or in some hidden vault the person of the rebel whom I seek?"

"No," said Anne.

"As thou darest the fires of hell, mistress, I conjure thee to speak the truth."

"I do speak the truth, sir."

"Without quibbling, mistress, I bid thee inform me if one lie hid here in some secret chamber whom I account a rebel."

"There is no secret chamber here, Master Dowdeswell."

"Mistress Anne, is John Quivil here?"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou hast sought throughout the house and thou hast not found him, and I tell thee there is no secret chamber here."

"Then to whom appertaineth the wearied nag in the stable?"

"How can I say? Our stable-door hath no key, and he who will may place his beast there."

"Mistress, fear the Lord and speak the truth! To whom appertaineth the kerchief embroidered with the letters J. Q."

"Master Dowdeswell, thou hurriest to conclusions. May no man own the initials J. Q. save one?"

"Parley not with me, madam. I love thee, Mistress Anne, but my conscience condemns me even while I bandy words with thee. Tell me—lest I drag thee to the seat of justice—where hidest thou the person of John Quivil?"

She was almost at her wit's end. But she held firm.

"How knowest thou that Master Quivil was at the ill-fated field of Naseby?" she asked.

"How know I? Because I saw him, madam—saw him in the rear company of the man Charles Stuart, whom thou callest King. I saw him, and I know that he fled in this direction. Madam, the evidence of his presence here is circumstantial. Here is his wearied steed and his kerchief. Yield him up."

"Were it in my power, Master Dowdeswell, never would I yield him up! The King's leal servants are my true friends, and I deliver no faithful friend to a cruel foe."

"Because thou lovest him, mistress?"

"Not so. Because I love the King."

Dowdeswell gave a short laugh.

"'Tis a woman's wile," he said. "The traitor is here, madam; thou hast as good as admitted his presence. I must away with thee to the seat of judgment. We will see if a more powerful hand than mine can force confession from thee."

But he did not order her to prepare herself to depart. He stood looking at her with blazing eyes.

He paused for a moment. Then he proceeded more gently.

"Woman, if thou hast a conscience, confess thy sin," he said. "Thou lovest; 'tis pity, for thou lovest an ill man."

"Master Dowdeswell, thou said'st but now that thou lovedst me," said Anne. "If thou hast ever loved me, ask no more, but depart in peace."

"I said I loved thee!" he cried impetuously. "Dear Nan, wilt not return my love, and come into my arms, confessing thy great fault of to-day and telling me where John Quivil lies hid?"

"No, Master Dowdeswell," said Anne, with dignity. "Take me away and immure me in the vilest of dungeons. But for my love's sake and for my conscience sake, I will reveal naught."

"But wilt not love me, Nan?"

"No."

He was deeply mortified. The perspiration stood upon his brow, and his heart was hot within him. He looked at her again. Then, with an unpremeditated gesture, he raised his eyes to the clock-face above her head. Something in its aspect struck him strangely.

"Half-past four!" he exclaimed. Half-past four! Is it always half-past four here, mistress?"

"The clock hath stopped," faltered she.

"Strange that it should stop even as I entered the chamber," said he. "Let me set it going for thee, madam."

"Nay," she said quickly. "Why set it going for naught, since thou art going to take me to jail? Let the clock be."

"That would be indeed an unkind measure," said he. "Even if thou be

taken hence, should not the members of thy household know the time?"

"I have no servants," said she.

"None, madam? Beware. Dost dwell alone—absolutely solitary?"

"My brother Toby is here," she admitted. "But he never looks at the clock. And our old servant is half-blind and cannot read the time."

"Nevertheless, I will see the clock," said Dowdeswell.

And putting her aside, he flung the clock-case wide.

"By St. George!" he exclaimed, 'tis even as I suspected."

Quivil stepped forth, his plumed hat in one hand and a pistol in the other. He bowed low and courteously.

"Good-day, Master Dowdeswell," he said. "We are ill-met."

"I arrest thee," said Dowdeswell. "Sergeant Fairchild—"

He was about to raise his voice to call upon his subordinates to enter and to seize Quivil. But, quick as thought, Anne circumvented him. Snatching one of his pistols from the table, she darted up the flight of steps into the gallery; and leaning over the railing, she cried to Dowdeswell to stay his movements.

"Hold!" she cried imperatively. "See here, Master Dowdeswell! I have thy pistol. It is loaded. I hold it to my heart. Raise thy voice but by a syllable—touch Master Quivil by but one finger—and I fire!—fire, hark ye, and I am dead! And thou lovest me, Master Dowdeswell, thou lovest me! Nay—stand where thou art. Stir but an inch, and I die. See! the pistol is at my bosom! Listen! Make up thy mind to depart in peace and leave Jack Quivil unharmed, while I count ten. For if, when I come to ten, thou be still here, I fire—and I die—thy little Nan, whom thou lovest, dies!"

She began to count, leaning over the balustrade, with the pistol pressed against her breast and her finger on the trigger, and with her eyes fixed upon the two men. They dared not stir. The determination in her eyes held them spell-bound.

"One," she began.

"Stop, Nan, stop!" entreated Quivil. "Let me go with him! I care naught. Stop, dear love, stop counting, and take that pistol from thy breast! Come down. I adjure thee!"

"Two," she proceeded, slowly.

"Three—"

"Mistress Anne, I cannot do the thing I would. But O, for the love of God, take that deadly instrument from thy breast!" implored Dowdeswell.

"Four," she went on. "Five—six—"

"Nan, thou art killing me! I care not a jot for imprisonment or death."

"Seven—"

"Nan my little Nan, think that man who loves owes duty too. Have mercy on me, and come down!"

"Eight—"

"Nan, sweet soul, forbear!"

"Nan, in God's name, cease!"

"Nine—"

"For love's sake!" cried Quivil, pointing his pistol at his own breast.

"For conscience!" exclaimed Dowdeswell, seizing the pistol which still lay upon the table and thrusting it against his head.

Simultaneously the two men fired.

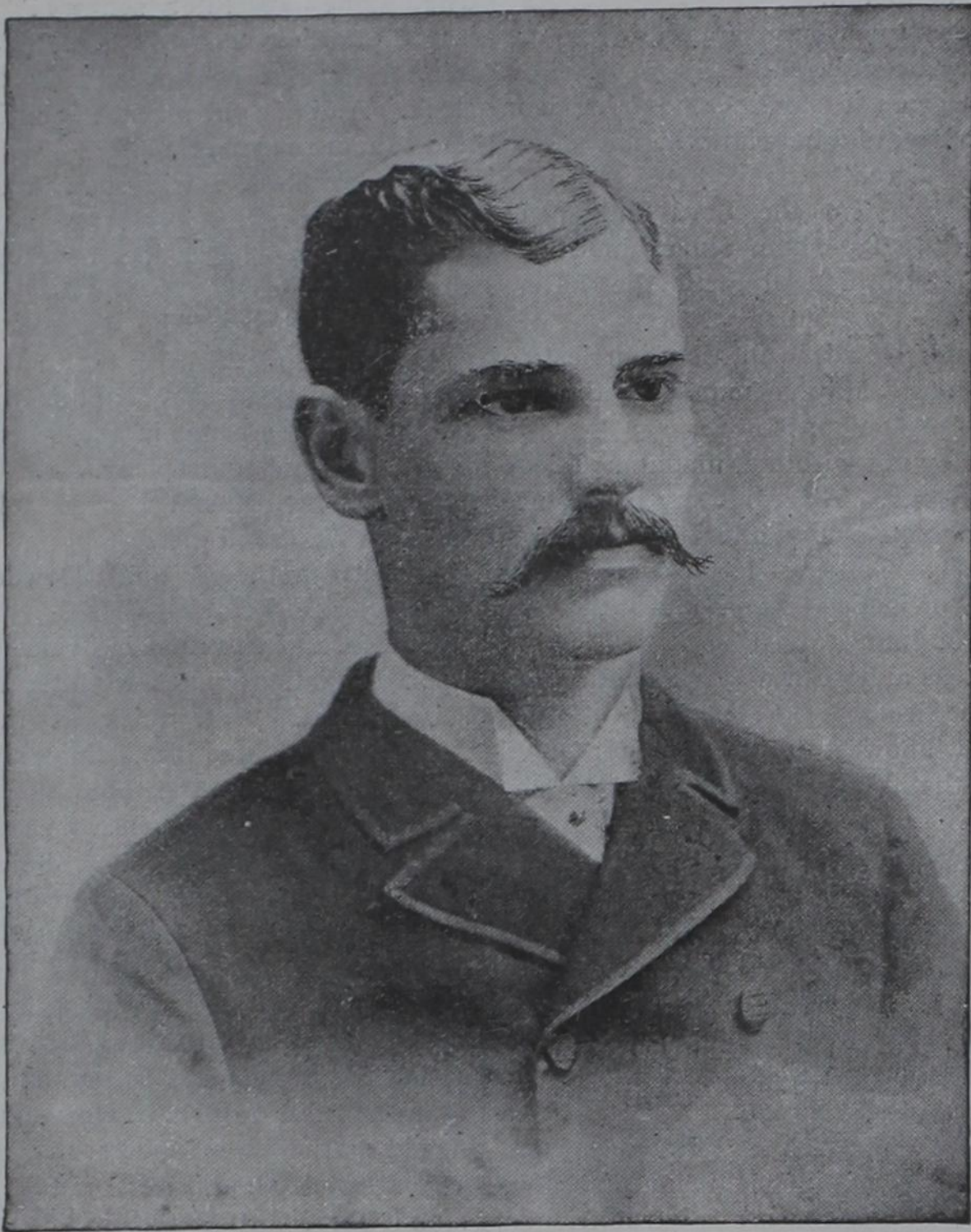
"Ten!"

It was a mechanical cry. Anne dropped the pistol from her hand and rushed down the steps, and as she reached the bottom, Dowdeswell's troopers hurried into the room. But the Cavalier and the Roundhead who had loved Mistress Anne so well lay dead, and above them stood the silent clock pointing to half-past four.

THE END.

Ladies take Angostura Bitters generally when they feel low spirited. It brightens them up.

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The Small Boy.

The latest iconoclast is a "lady physician of extensive practice" who declares that spanking must be given up on account of its harmful effect on children's spines. Thus, one by one, the traditions of household management are swept away. One must not cuff a naughty boy's ears, for fear of breaking his drum; or lock him up in a dark closet, because of the injurious influence of twice-breathed air; or stand him with his face in a corner, lest it should hurt his vision; or send him supperless to bed, out of regard for his digestion. The medical press is evidently subsidized in the interest of the small boy. It is time for the parents to combine in defense of their inalienable rights. —Harrisburg Telegram.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

Very Strange, but True.

Mr. Guzzle—"Say, my dear, there is one thing I never could understand."

Mrs. Guzzle—"What is it?"

"Why is it, that when a storm strikes a town in which there are twenty saloons and two churches, the lightning will dodge all around the saloons to get a whack at the churches?"

Mrs. Guzzle always said that her husband was incorrigible.—Lawrence American.

Cure for the Deaf.

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Points About Canaries.

"Can't you tell me of some antidote that I can give my canary?" asked a lady the other day of the proprietor of a Ninth street bird store. "I'm afraid it's growing blind, though I can't imagine what is the cause."

"How old is your bird?" was the man's questioning reply.

"I've had it eighteen years—ever since I was a very little girl," she added, blushing.

"Well, then, the cause is easily found," came from the smiling man. "Your canary's blindness is due to old age. It's on its way to the grave, and nothing can now restore its sight."

"When birds live to a good old age, twenty years or twenty-five, or sometimes thirty, their sight often fades, and total eclipse settles down upon them. It is just as impossible to restore a bird's vision at such a stage as to prevent an old man's locks from turning gray."

"There is, however, a species of blindness that is liable to victimize songsters of all feather and all ages. This is of comparatively rare occurrence, and it is doubtless sometimes due to a cold which the bird has caught while hanging in a draught. Then cheap bird foods containing opium are very injurious to a canary's health."

"I believe, moreover, that a brass or painted cage is not the best thing in which to house one's lemon-colored troubadour. The bird's continual pecking at the wires must result in a considerable amount of paint or lacquer finding its way into its maw, and this surely cannot be wholesome. Besides, in the case of brass cages, after the lacquer is nibbled away, verdigris accumulates on the wires, and this poison must have a baleful effect on the yellow peckers within, acting as a prolific source of sightlessness."—Philadelphia Record.

The well known strengthening properties of Iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nerve, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

What He Got by It.

"Come mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dis mawnin'," said an old negro.

"Comin' 'long through de woods an' er ole buck he jump up an' bookerty, bookerty he run off a few yards an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Didn't hab my gun wid me, sah."

"Then how did you come in one of shooting him?"

"Case, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me."

"Why didn't you take your gun?"

"Didn't hab none, sah."

"You are an old fool."

"Look heah, doan 'buse er man dat way when yer ain't got no cause. I ain't got no gun, fur a feller dat I wuz erbout ter buy one frum, axed me jes' one dollar mo'n I could pay. So, I come in one o' gettin' de gun. Ef I had er got it, I would er tuck it 'long wid me, an' ef I'd er had it, I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun' 'busin' er man when de facks is all ergin yer. I hab knowed folks ter fetch trouble on dar 'selves dat way. Er pusson oughter be keerful in dis heab worl' o' science an' speckerlation. Good mawnin', sah. Since yer's acted dis way, I would enter gin yer none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. 'Fore yer talked dat way I woulder made yer present o' some o' de buck. See whut yer got by it, sah."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

His Health was Very Delicate.

Rogers—"I tell you, sir, when the Chickasaw bank pressed poor old Jones for a settlement it signed his death-warrant!"

Williams—"You don't say so! Why did it affect him so seriously?"

"He had taken a heavy cold, and the draft from the bank brought on pneumonia."—Boston Times.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



THE road to knowledge is a switchback.—Munsey's Weekly.

It may be love that makes the world go round, but you can't make an old maid believe it.—Somerville Journal.

MANY a man considers himself a great gun, when in fact he is nothing but a smooth bore.—Boston Transcript.

THE Poor law is said to be defective. But if it had no defects it could scarcely be called a poor law.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE New York Evening Post is so determined to be foreign that it favors Chicago for the world's fair.—Rochester Herald.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play on it.—Michigan Farmer.

THE man who tries to gratify a champagne appetite with a beer income will never make home happy—as long as he lives.—Detroit Tribune.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX says: "The worst man I ever knew had no vice." Bad men frequently lose their grip.—Binghamton Republican.

A ST. LOUIS man was found to be alive in his coffin. Perhaps a coffin is where a St. Louis man is more alive than anywhere else.—Chicago Herald.

A NEW YORK paper has a department "Ideas for the Great Fair." Chicago passes the subscription paper and gets dollars for ideas.—Toledo Bee.

AND then came autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along.—Hawthorne.

HE—"And to-morrow is our wedding day, dearest." She—"Yes, and it is bargain day at Silkman's, too. Isn't that aggravating?"—Terre Haute Express.

THE witching hour, Rollo, used to be midnight. Perhaps it is now; but the sandwiching hour is noon, all over the country and Chicago.—Lawrence American.

SOME of the compound Kalamazoo Greek names suggested for the killing of murderers by electricity are more terrifying than the thing itself.—Hartford Courant.

AN experienced young man says it takes only one letter to tell the difference between the summer and winter styles of courtship, viz: gate—grate.—Norristown Herald.

THE woman who carries a handkerchief in her corsage should remember the fate of the man in the fable who warmed a wiper in his bosom.—Terre Haute Express.

A MILKMAN is so delicately poised on the water question that he blushes when he passes a pair of patent leather dancing "pumps" in a shoe store window.—Dansville Breeze.

"THERE is one paper that will destroy the polish of any one it may come in contact with." "Bless me, my good man, what is its name?" "Sandpaper, madam."—Boston Bulletin.

THE steer seems to play an important part in New York daily life. When it isn't the Texas steer it is the political steer, while the bunco steer flourishes all the year round.—Cleveland Sun and Voice.

PROBABLY no man in Massachusetts is having more fun at the present time than George Francis Train, who is in jail and refuses to be taken out. Joy is unconfined in Boston, but Train isn't.—Philadelphia Press.

A journey from the North to the South or vice versa by the limited express on the Queen and Crescent Route is a thing of pleasure. Only 25 1-2 hours between Cincinnati and New Orleans in through cars, all the leading Southern towns being reached in correspondingly quick time. Queen and Crescent line.

Sudden Deaths on the Stage.

The sudden death of the comedian, Charles B. Bishop, during the performance at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, on the evening of October 8, recalls similar cases. The latest was that of the excellent actor, J. J. Prior, who died in exactly the same manner at the Wheeler Opera House, Toledo, O. I have collected some of the chief cases that are on record, and am forced to reflect that in the many years how few of our profession have met death in the theatre. Peg Woffington, the noted actress, playing Rosalind in "As You Like It," became paralyzed when speaking the line in the epilogue: "I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, Eng., May 3, 1757. She never acted again. John Palmer dropped dead at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Eng., while acting the Stranger. His last words were: "There is another and a better world." This happened August 2, 1798. He was only fifty-seven years old. Mr. Cummins, a provincial actor of Tate Williamson's Co., dropped dead on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, Eng., June 20, 1817. Edmund Kean's last appearance on the stage was more than melancholy. He was playing Othello to his son Charles' Iago, and in the third act, after the soliloquy ending: "Othello's occupation's gone," he completely broke down. He whispered to his son: "I can say no more; speak to them, Charles." He never acted again. This took place at Covent Garden Theatre, London, Eng., March 25, 1833. He died at Richmond, Eng., May 15, 1833, aged forty-six.—Owen Fawcett, in The Clipper.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates, must be free from nervous debility and female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women, it is unequalled.

A Tip.

"Did you study political economy?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Yes, I've spent considerable time at it."

"And what is the result of your investigations?"

"Well, the best political economy is to stay out of politics. That's a tip that may save you money."—Merchant Traveler.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floralplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

ALL the Koffs of Russia sympathize with the Czarina in her recently acquired cold.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ill Winds

That blow "naebody any good" are plenty on the storm-vexed Atlantic, to say nothing of the occasionally typhoon-swept Pacific. The hapless voyager, when shaken up by the heavings of the "briny" should take that pleasantest and most salutary of doses, a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest stomachic and tonic that ever warmed, regulated and quieted the human interior. Railroad jolted and steamship shaken travelers will exercise a wise prevision by supplying themselves with a sufficiency of this incomparable medicine for the journey. So will mariners, emigrants to the West, and others about to "seek fresh fields and pastures new." Malaria, the scourge of newly cleared and mining districts, is completely conquered and surely averted by the Bitters. Liver, bowel and kidney complaint and incipient rheumatism it annihilates.

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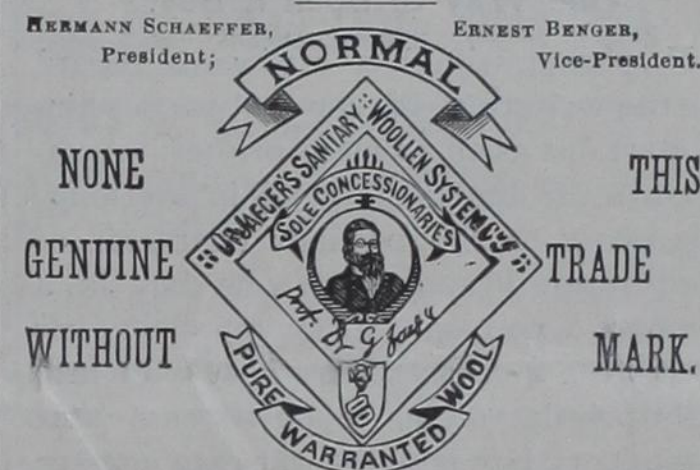
Miss Passée (aged forty)—"I wish to see a bonnet."

Milliner—"For yourself, miss?"

"Yes."

"Marie, run down stairs and get me ze hats for zee ladies between eighteen and twenty-five."—Munsey's Weekly.

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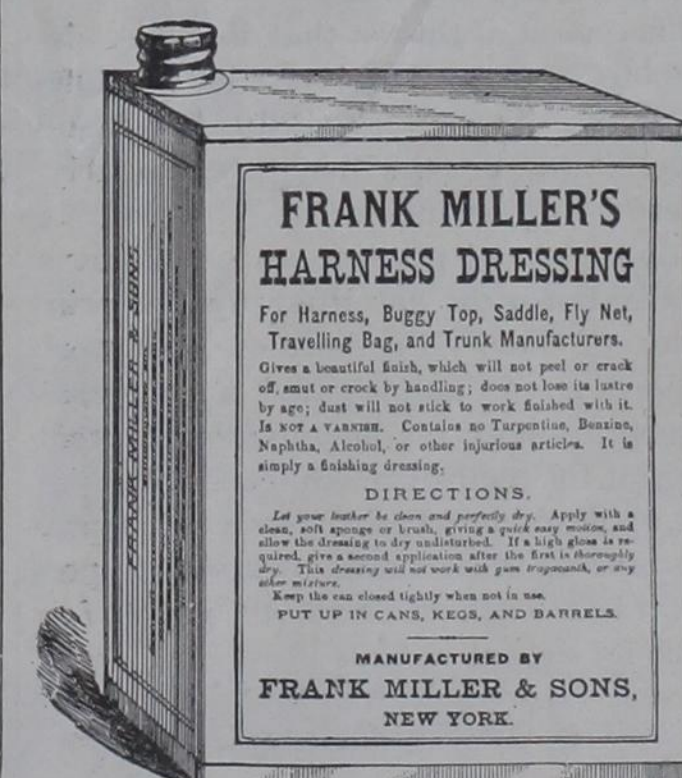
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DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.
Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.



The new edition of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is to be known as the Birthday Edition, as a kind of souvenir of the fact that Dr. Holmes has just completed his fourscore years.

Pens and Types, by Benjamin Drew, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, gives a great deal of valuable information to those who aspire to write, print, read, teach or learn. Price, \$1.25.

At the Paris Exposition, the highest award to any author of juvenile books was given to Thomas W. Knox, whose *Boy Travelers* series and other works for young people are published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Baby Land, edited by the editors of *Wide Awake*, has been received from the publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. It is a book of more than a hundred pages, filled with pictures and reading to delight the little folks. Price, 75 cts.

The Heroes of the Crusades, by Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, \$1.50. If you desire to have all the information pertaining to that remarkable epoch in the history of Europe, the Crusades, you should buy this book. Miss Douglas has produced a very readable volume.

Lee and Shepard, Boston, have prepared many beautiful things for the children's Christmas holidays. Our *Baby's Book* is very unique in design and coloring. Some designs for Christmas and New Year's cards are printed in colors with gilt edges, and held together with silver chains and rings.

Mayo W. Hazeltine has resigned his position as editorial writer on *Once a Week* to accept the managing editorship of the *New York Ledger*. The *Ledger* takes a new departure early in November, coming out as an illustrated literary journal of the style of *Harper's Weekly* with Democratic tendencies.

The November *Eclectic* has a number of excellent articles, some of them being of much current significance. The *Progress of Co-operation*, by George Jacob Holyoake and M. Millerand, tells us the latest facts about a most important movement in labor reform, and discusses the question with high intelligence. *Russian Characteristics* is the first of a series of papers, which promise to be full of interest and instruction.

Belford's Magazine for November presents an attractive table of contents. The leading paper is by Hon. Jefferson Davis, *A Constitutional Tariff*. Felix Oswald, always instructive and interesting, writes concerning *Curiosities of Longevity*; Clinton Furbish discusses the failure of Democracy. There are stories by F. E. H. Richmond, David R. Curtis, Celia Logan and C. M. Skinner; and poems by J. P. Irvine, Helen G. Smith and Charles L. Hildreth.

St. Nicholas for November is printed in larger and clearer type than heretofore. Intercollegiate Base-ball in America forms the leading article, by an expert, Walter Camp. Walter seems to have camped on a foot-ball ground, so to speak. Julian Hawthorne contributes an Egyptian parable called *The Child and the Pyramid*, and Prof. Boyesen tells a thoroughly modern story of *The Poet of the Hempstead Centennial*.

The November *Century* begins a new volume. Very interesting reading is the generous installment of the long-expected autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. Jefferson begins the account of his life by a description of his playhouse; namely, behind the scenes of a theatre. He presents the most frank and humorous recollections of his childhood; he describes Chicago and the West in 1838 and 1839; a significant adventure at the home of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; and the voyage of his family in a flat-boat. He also gives his recollections of James Wallack, Sr., the elder Booth, and Macready. The illustrations are numerous and include portraits of himself, his parents and grandfather, Tyrone Power, James Wallack, Macready, and Junius Brutus Booth.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a time no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.
Sooner or later that time will arrive,
That place will wait for your coming,
That chain must bind you in helpless death,
That sleep must fall on your senses.
But thousands every year go untimely to their fate,
And thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care.
For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

One Way to Spoil a Boy.

No parent who has a sincere regard for the welfare of his son will permit him to start out as an amateur printer. Amateurs never amount to much in anything, but owing to the peculiar character of the printing business, not one boy in a hundred who begins as an amateur ever becomes a first-class workman. On first sight printing seems to be so easy that most every boy imagines he can master the whole art in a few months. After he begins and gets along to where he can deliver work that is a trifle more readable than "copy" and is not all offset, his appetite is whetted by the money he has received for it from good natured or charitably disposed friends, and he imagines that all he needs in order to make a large fortune very quickly, is a larger and more expensive outfit. So the kind parent puts his hand into his pocket, or his name upon a note, and young America has his heart's desire. What then? Failure in almost every case; and not only failure, but very often a life practically thrown away; for the boy who has never been taught, and has prematurely been allowed to be his own master gets to be incapable of learning or doing anything thoroughly. You might just as well expect an old dog to learn new tricks, as an amateur printer to learn to be a first-class workman.

The moral of this is, that if a boy desires to become a printer his parents should put him into a printing office and have him taught the business regularly. There is just as much need for him to study the art of printing as there is for a candidate for the bar to study the principles of law. Furthermore, amateur printers are an unmitigated nuisance, as a general thing, for they are not content to print for their own edification, but insist upon forcing their meretricious productions upon consumers who would prefer, if left to themselves, to pay a fair price for decent work.—*Press and Type*.

The Old Enthusiasm Gone.

A gentleman who was in Paris during the summer just past, remarks that one of the things which struck him most forcibly and unpleasantly was the singing of the "Marseillaise" by three thousand Frenchmen, chosen from the lead-

ing choral societies of the city. They assembled in the open air, and lifted up their voices together in the song which for the last century has made every Frenchman's heart thrill when it has sounded in his ears.

And the song rose on the air, beautifully sung, finished and elegant, and utterly lacking in fire. Of old, when it was forbidden to sing the "Marseillaise," a dozen men roaring it in an obscure cabaret would inflame the entire quarter, and in the fiery days of the revolution a single voice would raise a neighborhood to deeds of blood simply by singing the inspiring words. Now it was without force. It was correct, and all enthusiasm had died out of it.

"And what is France," some one asked, "when it is possible to sing the 'Marseillaise' in her streets without raising the paving stones?"—*Boston Courier*.

The Best He Could Do.

Small Boy—"Say, dad, I wish you'd get me a bicycle."

Old Man—"Can't afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck."

"Well, then, a tricycle."

"Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter comes I'll try and get you a nice long icicle."

The youngster is pacified.—*Toronto Grip*.

All in Use for the Moment.

At a First-class Restaurant. Detrow—"Can you give me oysters on the half-shell to-night?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir; but you will have to wait a few minutes. All our half shells is in use at present."—*New York Sun*.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

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50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic, Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

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BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for filling saws sent free with each machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealer or write **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 808 to 811 South Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.**

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In its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me. But advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

A GREAT COMBINATION.

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(Illustrated) The Great Humorous Paper, The Witty Wonder of the Age.

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TANSELL'S PUNCH 5¢

Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: *America*, *Texas Siftings* and the *Chicago Weekly Times* for one year.

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A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes: "Please send me a \$1 box of Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers for they are doing me so much good I do not wish to neglect taking them, my health is greatly improved while my complexion is smooth as satin and rapidly becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1

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63 & 65 Murray street, New York.

Prompt Returns. Send for Circular.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE LITTLE PHYSICIAN.



There is no type of man
Among all I can scan,
Assumes such a mystical air,
As the little physician—
A kind of magician—
A man of some unction, as 'twere.

He is always quite dapper,
Remarkable as a snapper,
Important in the superlative degree;
And when called to a case,
Assumes such a wise face,
You are struck with the wisdom you see!

Polite, to a fault,
He bows should you halt,
And tips a small hat which he wears;
With his pill-bags and cane,
Tho' seemingly vain,
'Tis only his knowingsome airs.

When he visits the ill,
With powder and pill,
Prescribes for a patient with brains;
His bump of conceit
Is the first thing you meet,
As you lie there, racking with pains.

As an expert, I ween,
No other I've seen,
Can theorize in, and then out;
A hypothetical case,
He states with such grace,
As convinces beyond reasonable doubt.

But his faults are all laid,
Where the willow's deep shade
Obscures them forever from view,
As you pause to reflect,
And can only suspect
The devil will some day get his due.

For there's no type of man,
Among all I can scan,
Assumes such a mystical air,
As the little physician—
A kind of magician—
A man of some unction, as 'twere.

W. C. J.

THE SONG OF THE CAN'T-GET-THERE.

For the few-and-far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The uncatchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabbable I die!

O I burn and sigh and clasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the far un-overtakable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

O I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensnare;
The ungainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-onto to his lair!

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

A Reminiscence of the Elder Booth.

Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography, which begins in the November number of The Century Magazine, will contain, as may be expected, a great many reminiscences of the early days of the American stage. Of the elder Booth, Mr. Jefferson says:

"He would saunter into the theatre just a few minutes before the play began; robe himself, sometimes quite carelessly; converse freely upon local matters in a plain, practical way, or perhaps give some reminiscence of bygone years—his memory was wonderful—ending with an amusing anecdote, and in the next moment walk upon the stage in the full assumption of his character, overawing the audience by the fire of his acting. The following incident will serve to show the wonderful manner in which Booth could drop his character and instantly resume it:

"I was acting Sampson in The Iron Chest to his Sir Edward Mortimer. During the play he spoke to me of my grandfather's playing the same part with him when he (Booth) was a young man. 'He used,' said he, 'to sing the original song; it ran thus;' and assuming a comical expression he began to sing in an undertone:

A traveler stopped at a widow's gate.

At this moment his cue was given and he rushed upon the stage, discovering Wilford at the chest. The scene is here very powerful, and I never saw him act it with more power. The audience was most enthusiastic, and as he rushed from the stage amid a storm of applause he met me at the wing, and, reassuming the comic expression of his face, began the song just where he had left off, while the approbation of the audience was still ringing in his ears."

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James' Father—"Well, it's not the gait you've been going at recently."—Chicago Evening Journal.

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Bohemia in New York—Among the Artists.



The Bohemian element in and about New York numbers among its members many a Meissonier born to blush unseen, many a Rubens who wastes his sweetness on the desert air. They nevertheless enjoy life hugely, and have among themselves a quantity of unwritten anecdotes sufficiently large to fill the shelves of a moderate-sized library.

The incipient Gérôme who could not admire a well-known society woman because she was out of drawing is to be found among the leaders of this community, in addition to whom are several sensitive souls who have repeatedly refused to reproduce on canvas certain sunsets and sky effects because "the coloring thereof was atrocious."

On Lake Luzerne—not to be confounded with Switzerland's Lucerne, which it resembles in no particular—a young and recent addition to art's followers was once asked why the lovely little sheet of water was named after the historic Swiss lake, and replied, "Because it is so different; and there," he added, "is where art is so vastly the superior of nature, it is so different." And his companion, who had seen nature reflected upon the commentator's canvas, agreed that it was so.

Another successful devotee of art's shrine, on being asked to paint the portrait of a friend, kindly replied, "That if he were allowed to put a little soul into the face he would be glad to do it."

The dream of the French painter who thought himself unhappy in heaven because there was not a color shop in the place, finds its counterpart in the reality of the situation confronting the young man who gave up art entirely because the colors at his disposal were so limited, saying that "with so few and such hackneyed hues" he could not satisfy his own soul, and, preferring to be conscientious, tried literature, in which profession he found it possible to mystify his readers by the extraordinary combination of syllables he was able to produce.

"The Academy committee have a grudge against you, haven't they?" asked one disciple of the brush of a brother in art.

"Why, no. They accepted my marine."

"So I saw. If they were well disposed they would have sent it back."

This was certainly biting, but hardly more than pleasantries when compared with the criticism vouchsafed to an engraver by his best friend, who said his wood-cuts in a recently published book were very good, but would have been vastly better if they had been printed from the reverse side of the block.

The painter whose signature was the most striking thing he ever did, and the colorist who preferred to paint apples blue and peaches a delicate mauve because he thought they were prettier that way, find their parallel in this community in the artist whose taste for frames

is equaled only by his lack of taste in the selection of his colors, and in the beginner who thought a sunrise in the west preferable to the usual order of things on the score of originality.

That some of the struggling aspirants for the bays are improvident goes without saying. There is room for doubt that any poverty-stricken soul ever painted his Academy picture on the bosom of his only shirt for lack of canvas, selling his studs to buy a frame, because having parted with his shirt he no longer had use for them but the young man who wore a brass-headed manuscript fastener in lieu of a plain gold stud to a fashionable reception lives, breathes, and has his being on Manhattan Island. The individual who for fame's sake hailed poverty with joy because he could not do his best unless he were hungry, can be found there; and as for the disciples of the brush who resemble Barkis in their "willin'ness" to paint anything, from a barn to the portrait of a lady, if by so doing they may keep the sheriff, the wolf, and thirst from the door, their name is legion.—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Magazine.

When a girl falls in love she stops saying her prayers, but after she is married she begins them again.—Atchison Globe.

MR. HAFFNER'S GOOD LUCK.

Won \$2,500 in Last Month's Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery.

Following the July drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, wherein, it will be remembered, a club from Bethlehem "hit it" for \$5,000, comes the news of another Bethlehem man being in the lucky current and winning in the September drawing the sum of \$2,500. The lucky man is none other than Charles L. Haffner, the well known cutter, Broad street, and a day or two ago he received his money. Mr. Haffner was induced by a friend last winter to buy a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery for \$1 in the December drawing and again invested \$1 in the January drawing. This second investment yielded him a \$5 premium, and he kept on playing a dollar a month, again drawing in May \$5 and with the last dollar of the five he bought a twentieth of ticket No. 69,159 in the September drawing, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, Mr. Haffner's share being \$2,500. Mr. Haffner bought his ticket through a friend at Easton, and learned of his good fortune several days after the drawing, which came off on Sept. 10. He remitted his ticket to the company at Louisiana and promptly had it cashed, the \$2,500 (less \$14 charged for expressage) reaching Mr. Haffner on Saturday. The remittance was all in new \$20 bank bills. Soon after Mr. Haffner learned of his good fortune he looked around for an investment and yesterday purchased the homestead of the late Joseph Moyer, No. 223 North Street, for \$2,050. Mr. Haffner said to-day: "You see, I have put the money on interest, and have made a good investment." Mr. Haffner takes his good luck complacently and is being congratulated on all sides.—Bethlehem (Pa.) Times, Oct. 1.

"Paris Good morning!" Exposition, 1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction."

Bad Luck.

New York Man (answering an inquiry as to how he was getting along)—"Oh, not very well; have had bad luck."

"How so?"

"I subscribed fifty dollars toward some sort of public enterprise."

"You signed the paper, but great goodness, you didn't really pay out anything?"

"That's the trouble. They caught me drunk one day and collected the money."—Arkansaw Traveler.

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Smith—"I hear you fought at Gettysburg."

Robinson—"Yes, and was badly wounded."

"Where?"

"In my substitute."—The Epoch.

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A Rise in Value.

Friend—"At what price did you value your horse?"

Horse Owner—"When?"

"Before he was killed, of course."

"Well, I'd a-taken forty dollars cash for him a week ago; but now the feller that drove him to death has got to fork over a hundred, or stand a lawsuit."—Yankee Blade.

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Grocer—"I've a lot of Limburger cheese that I'm going to sell at cost. I want to stick up some taking notice of the sale. Can't you give me something?"

Redditt—"How would 'unapproachable bargain' suit you?"—Boston Transcript.



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